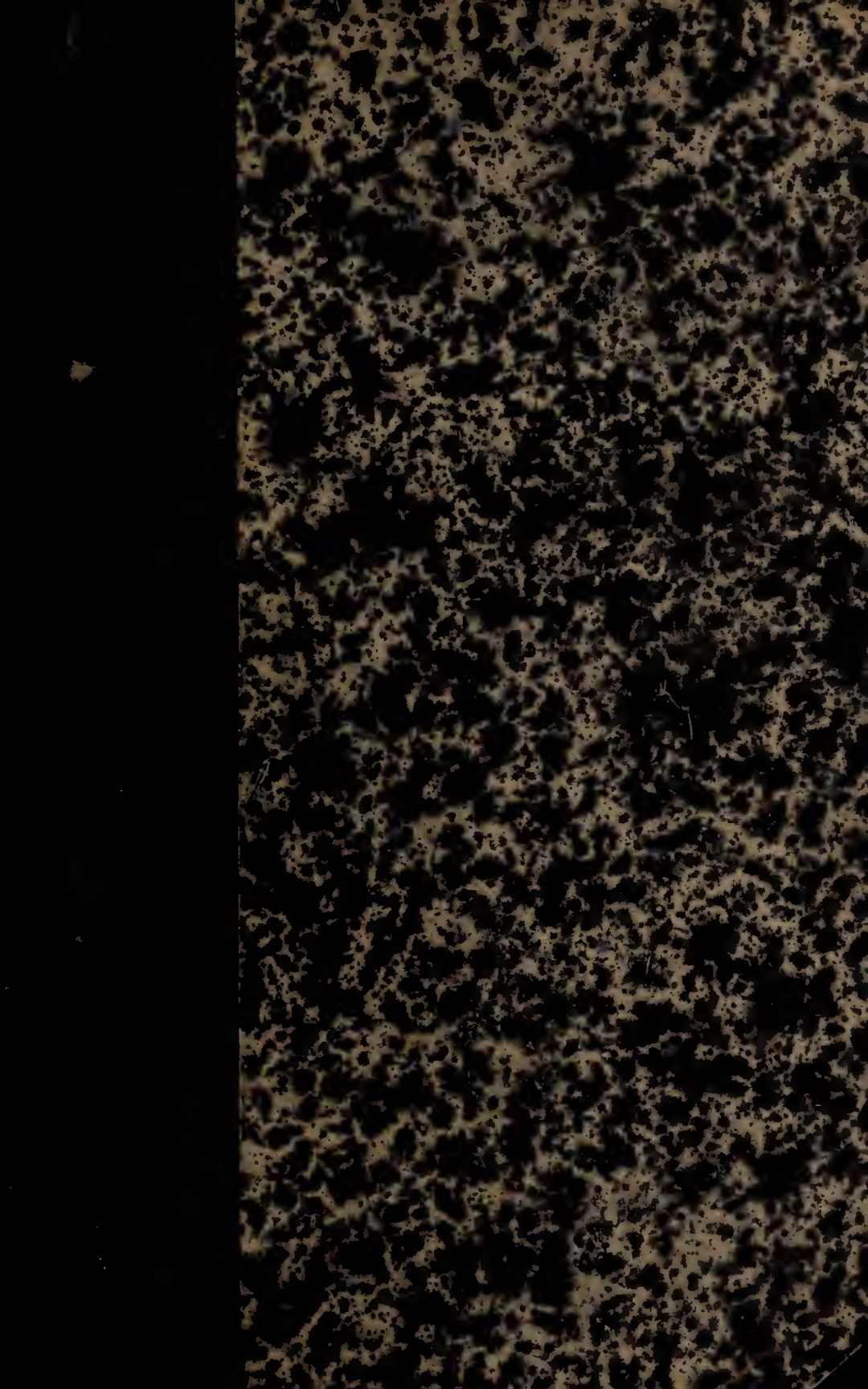

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GRAY.

THE eighteenth century, judged by the literature it produced everywhere in Europe outside of Germany and France, is generally counted inferior to that which preceded and to that which followed it. A judgment of especial severity has been passed upon its poetry by critics who lost somewhat of their judicial equipoise in that enthusiasm of the romantic reaction which replaced the goddess of good taste by her of liberty, and crowned the judicial wig with the Phrygian cap. The poetry of the period fell under a general condemnation as altogether wanting in the imaginative quality, and as being rather the conclusions of the understanding put into verse than an attempt to express, however inadequately, the eternal longings and intuitions and experiences of human nature. These find their vent, it was thought, in those vivid flashes of phrase, the instantaneous bolts of passionate conception, whose furrow of splendor across the eyeballs of the mind leaves them momentarily dark to the outward universe, only to quicken their vision of inward and incommunicable things. There was some truth in this criticism, as there commonly is in the harsh judgments of imperfect sympathy, but it was far from being the whole truth. If poesy be, as the highest authority has defined it, a divine madness, no English poet and no French one between 1700 and 1800 need have feared a writ *de lunatico inquirendo.* They talk, to be sure, of "sacred rages," but in so decorous a tone, that we do not even glance towards the tongs. They invoke fire from heaven in such frigid verse that we wish they might have been taken at their word and utterly consumed—they and their works together. Cowper was really mad at

intervals, but his poetry, admirable as it is in its own middle-aged way, is in need of anything rather than of a strait-waistcoat. A certain blight of propriety seems to have fallen on all the verse of that age. The thoughts, wived with words above their own level, are always on their good behavior, and we feel that they would have been happier in the homelier unconstraint of prose. Diction was expected to do for imagination what only imagination could do for it, and the magic which was personal to the magician was supposed to reside in the formula. Dryden died with his century; and nothing can be more striking than the contrast between him, the last of the ancient line, and the new race which succeeded him. In him, too, there is an element of prose, a mixture of that good sense so admirable in itself, so incapable of those indiscretions which make the charm of poetry. His power of continuous thinking shows his mind of a different quality from those whose thought comes as lightning, intermittently it may be, but lightning, mysterious, incalculable, the more unexpected that we watch for it, and generated by forces we do not comprehend. Yet Dryden at his best is wonderfully impressive. He reminds one of a boiling spring. There is tumult, concussion, and no little vapor; but there is force, there is abundance, there is reverberation, and we feel that elemental fire is at work, though it be of the earth earthy. But what strikes us most in him, considered intellectually, is his modernness. Only twenty-three years younger than Milton, he belongs to another world. Milton is in many respects an ancient. Wordsworth says of him that

> "His soul was as a star and dwelt apart."

But I should rather be inclined to say that it was his mind that was alienated from the present. Intensely and even vehemently engaged in the question of the day, his politics were abstract and theoretic, and a quotation from Sophocles has as much weight with him as a constitutional precedent. His intellectual sympathies were Greek. His language even has caught the accent of the ancient world. When he makes our English search her coffers round it is not for any home-made ornaments, and his commentators are fain to unravel some of his syntax by the help of the Greek or Latin grammar. Dryden knew Latin literature very well, but that innate scepticism of his mind, which made him an admirable critic, would not allow him to be subjugated by antiquity. His æsthetical training was

essentially French, and if this sometimes had an ill effect on his poetry, it was greatly to the advantage of his prose, wherein ease and dignity are combined in that happy congruity of proportion which we call *style*, and the scholar's fulness of mind is mercifully tempered by the man of the world's dread of being too fiercely in earnest. It is a gentlemanlike style, thorough-bred in every fibre. As it was without example, so, I think, it has remained without a parallel in English. Swift has the ease, but lacks the lift, and Burke, who plainly formed himself on Dryden, has matched him in splendor, but has not caught his artistic skill in gradation, nor that perfection of tone which can be eloquent without being declamatory. When I try to penetrate the secret of Dryden's manner, I seem to discover that the new quality in it is a certain air of good society, an urbanity, in the original meaning of the word. By this I mean that his turn of thought (I am speaking of his maturer works) is that of the capital, of the great world, as it is somewhat presumptuously called, and that his diction is, in consequence, more conversational than that which had been traditional with any of the more considerable poets who had preceded him. It is hard to justify a general impression by conclusive examples. Two instances will serve to point my meaning, if not wholly to justify my generalization. His ode on the death of Mrs. Killigrew begins thus:

> "Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
> Made in *the last promotion* of the blest,"

and in his translation of the third book of the *Æneid*, he describes Achæmenides, the Greek rescued by the Trojans from the island of the Cyclops, as "bolting" from the woods. Dryden, in making verse the vehicle of good sense and argument rather than of passion and intuition, was but an indication of the tendency of the time in which he lived, a tendency quickened by the influence which could not fail to be exerted by his really splendid powers as a poet, especially by the copious felicity of his language and his fine instinct for the energies and harmonies of rhythm. But the fact that a great deal of his work was job-work; that most of it was done in a hurry, led him often to fill up a gap with the first sonorous epithet that came to hand, and his indolence was thus partly to blame for that poetic diction which brought poetry to a deadlock in the next century. Dryden knew very well that sound makes part of the sense and a large part of the sentiment of a verse, and, where he is in the

vein, few poets have known better than he how to conjure with vowels, or to beguile the mind into acquiescence through the ear. Addison said truly, though in verses whose see-saw cadence and lack of musical instinct would have vexed the master's ear,

> "Great Dryden next, whose tuneful Muse affords
> The sweetest numbers and the fittest words."

But Dryden never made the discovery that ten syllables arranged in a proper accentual order were all that was needful to make a ten-syllable verse. He is *great* Dryden, after all, and between him and Wordsworth, there was no poet with enough energy of imagination to deserve that epithet. But he had taught the trick of cadences that made the manufacture of verses more easy, and he had brought the language of poetry nearer, not to the language of real life as Wordsworth understood it, that is, to the speech of the people, but to the language of the educated and polite. He himself tells us at the end of the *Religio Laici:*

> "And this unpolished rugged verse I chose
> As fittest for discourse and nearest prose."

Unpolished and rugged the verse certainly was not, nor in his hands could ever be. It is the *thought* that has an irresistible attraction for prosaic phrase, and coalesces with it in a stubborn precipitate which will not become ductile to the poetic form. Dryden perfected the English rhymed heroic verse by giving it a variety of cadence and pomp of movement which it had never had before. Pope's epigrammatic cast of thought led him to spend his skill on bringing to a nicer adjustment the balance of the couplet, in which he succeeded only too wearisomely well. Between them they reduced versification in their favorite measure to the precision of a mechanical art, and then came the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. Through the whole eighteenth century the artificial school of poetry reigned by a kind of undivine right over a public which admired—and yawned. This public seems to have listened to its poets as it did to its preachers, satisfied that all was orthodox if only they heard the same thing over again every time, and believing the pentameter couplet a part of the British Constitution. And yet it is to the credit of that age to have kept alive the wholesome tradition that Writing, whether in prose or verse, *was* an Art that required training, at least, if nothing more, in those who assumed to practise it.

Burke thought it impossible to draw an indictment against a

whole people, and the remark is equally just if we apply it to a century. It is true that with the eighteenth a season of common sense set in with uncommon severity, and such a season acts like a drought upon the springs of poesy. To be sure, an unsentimental person might say that the world can get on much better without the finest verses that ever were written than without common sense, and I am willing to admit that the question is a debatable one and to compromise upon *un*common sense whenever it is to be had. Let us admit that the eighteenth century was, on the whole, prosaic, yet it may have been a pretty fair one as centuries go. Every age is as good as the people who live in it choose to make it, and, if good enough for them, perhaps we, who had no hand in the making of it, can complain of it only so far as it had a hand in the making of us. Perhaps even our own age, with its marvels of applied science that have made the world more prosily comfortable, will loom less gigantic than now through the prospective of the future. Perhaps it will even be found that the telephone, of which we are so proud, cannot carry human speech so far as Homer and Plato have contrived to carry it with their simple appliances. As one grows older, one finds more points of half-reluctant sympathy with that undyspeptic and rather worldly period, much in the same way as one grows to find a keener savor in Horace and Montaigne. In the first three-quarters of it, at least, there was a cheerfulness and contentment with things as they were, which is no unsound philosophy for the mass of mankind, and which has been impossible since the first French Revolution, for our own war of independence, though it gave the first impulse to that awful riot of human nature turned loose among first principles, was but the reassertion of established precedents and traditions, and essentially conservative in its aim, however deflected in its course. It is true that, to a certain extent, the theories of the French doctrinaires gave a tinge to the rhetoric of our patriots, but it is equally true that they did not perceptibly affect the conclusions of our Constitution-makers. Nor had those doctrinaires themselves any suspicion of the explosive mixture that can be made by the conjunction of abstract theory with brutal human instinct. Before 1789 there was a delightful period of universal confidence, during which a belief in the perfectibility of man was insensibly merging into a conviction that he could be perfected by some formula of words, just as a man is knighted. He kneels down a simple man like ourselves, is told to rise up a Perfect Being, and

rises accordingly. It certainly was a comfortable time. If there was discontent, it was in the individual, and not in the air; sporadic, not epidemic. Responsibility for the Universe had not yet been invented. A few solitary persons saw a swarm of ominous question-marks wherever they turned their eyes; but sensible people pronounced them the mere *muscæ volitantes* of indigestion which an honest dose of rhubarb would disperse. Men read Rousseau for amusement, and never dreamed that those flowers of rhetoric were ripening the seed of the guillotine. Post and telegraph were not so importunate as now. People were not compelled to know what all the fools in the world were saying or doing yesterday. It is impossible to conceive of a man's enjoying now the unconcerned seclusion of White at Selborne, who, a century ago, recorded the important fact that "the old tortoise at Lewes in Sussex awakened and came forth out of his dormitory," but does not seem to have heard of Burgoyne's surrender, the news of which ought to have reached him about the time he was writing. It may argue pusillanimity, but I can hardly help envying the remorseless indifference of such men to the burning questions of the hour, at the first alarm of which we are all expected to run with our buckets, or it may be with our can of kerosene, snatched by mistake in the hurry and confusion. They devoted themselves to leisure with as much assiduity as we employ to render it impossible. The art of being elegantly and strenuously idle is lost. There was no hurry then, and armies still went into winter-quarters punctually as musquashes. Certainly manners occupied more time and were allowed more space. Whenever one sees a picture of that age with its broad skirts, its rapiers standing out almost at a right angle, and demanding a wide periphery to turn about, one has a feeling of spaciousness that suggests mental as well as bodily elbow-room. Now all the ologies follow us to our burrows in our newspaper, and crowd upon us with the pertinacious benevolence of subscription-books. Even the right of sanctuary is denied. The horns of the altar, which we fain would grasp, have been dissolved into their original gases in the attempt to combine chemistry with theology.

This, no doubt, is the view of a special mood, but it is a mood that grows upon us the longer we have stood upon our lees. Enough if we feel a faint thrill or reminiscence of ferment in the spring, as old wine is said to do when the grapes are in blossom. Then we are sure that we are neither dead nor turned to vinegar, and repeat softly to ourselves, in Dryden's delightful paraphrase of Horace:

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
'To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day;
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of Fate are mine;
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour."

One has a notion that in those old times the days were longer than now; that a man called to-day his own by a securer title, and held his hours with a sense of divine right now obsolete. It is an absurd fancy I know, and would be sent to the right about by the first physicist or historian you happened to meet. But one thing I am sure of, that the private person was of more importance both to himself and others then than now, and that self-consciousness was, accordingly, a vast deal more comfortable because it had less need of conscious self-assertion.

But the Past always has the advantage of us in the secret it has learned of holding its tongue, which may perhaps account in part for its reputed wisdom. Whatever the eighteenth century was, there was a great deal of stout fighting and work done in it, both physical and intellectual, and we owe it a great debt. Its very inefficacy for the higher reaches of poetry, its very good-breeding that made it shy of the raised voice and flushed features of enthusiasm, enabled it to give us the model of a domestic and drawing-room prose as distinguished from that of the pulpit, the forum, or the closet. In France it gave us Voltaire, who, if he used ridicule too often for the satisfaction of personal spite, employed it also for sixty years in the service of truth and justice, and to him more than to any other one man, we owe it that we can now think and speak as we choose. Contemptible he may have been in more ways than one, but at any rate we owe him that, and it is surely something. In what is called the elegant literature of our own tongue (to speak only of the most eminent), it gave us Addison and Steele, who together made a man of genius; Pope, whose vivid genius almost persuaded wit to renounce its proper nature and become poetry; Thomson, who sought inspiration in nature, though in her least imaginative side;* Fielding, still, in some respects, our greatest

* That Thomson was a man of true poetic sensibility is shown, I think, more agreeably in *The Castle of Indolence* than in *The Seasons*. In these, when he buckles the buskins of Milton on the feet of his natural *sermo pedestris*, the effect too often suggests the unwieldy gait of a dismounted trooper in his jack-boots.

novelist; Richardson, the only author who ever made long-windedness seem a benefaction; Sterne, the most subtle humorist since Shakespeare; Goldsmith, in whom the sweet humanity of Chaucer finds its nearest parallel; Cowper, the poet of Nature in her more domestic and familiar moods; Johnson, whose brawny rectitude of mind more than atones for coarseness of fibre. Toward the middle of the century, also, two books were published which made an epoch in æsthetics, Dodsley's *Old Plays* (1744) and Percy's *Ballads* (1765). These gave the first impulse to the romantic reaction against a miscalled classicism and were the seed of the literary renaissance.

The temper of the times and the comfortable conditions on which life was held by the educated class were sure to produce a large crop of dilettantism, of delight in art and the things belonging to it as an elegant occupation of the mind without taxing its faculties too severely. If the dilettante in his eagerness to escape ennui sometimes becomes a bore himself, especially to the professional artist, he is not without his use in keeping alive the traditions of good taste and transmitting the counsels of experience. In proportion as his critical faculty grows sensitive, he becomes incapable of production himself. For indeed I have observed that his eye is too often trained rather to detect faults than excellences, and he can tell you where and how a thing differs for the worse from established precedent, but not where it differs for the better. This habit of mind would make him distrustful of himself and sterile in original production, for his consciousness of how much can be said against whatever is done and even well done, reacts upon himself and makes him timid. It is the rarest thing to find genius and dilettantism united in the same person (as for a time they were in Goethe), for genius implies always a certain fanaticism of temperament, which, if sometimes it seem fitful, is yet capable of intense energy on occasion, while the main characteristic of the dilettante is that sort of impartiality that springs from inertia of mind, admirable for observation, incapable of turning it to practical account. Yet we have, I think, an example of this rare combination of qualities in Gray, and it accounts both for the kind of excellence to which he attained, and for the way in which he disappointed expectation, his own, I suspect, first of all. He is especially interesting as an artist in words and phrases, a literary type far less common among writers of English, than it is in France or Italy, where perhaps the traditions of Latin

culture were never wholly lost, or, even if they were, continued to be operative by inheritance through the form they had impressed upon the mind. Born in 1716, he died in his 55th year, leaving behind him 1321 verses. Dante was one year older, Shakspeare, three years younger when he died. It seems a slender monument, yet it has endured and is likely to endure, so close-grained is the material and so perfect the workmanship. When so many have written too much, we shall the more readily pardon the rare man who has written too little or just enough.

The incidents of Gray's life are few and unimportant. Educated at Eton and diseducated, as he seemed to think, at Cambridge, in his twenty-third year he was invited by Horace Walpole to be his companion in a journey to Italy. At the end of two years they quarrelled, and Gray returned to England. Dr. Johnson has explained the causes of this rupture, with his usual sturdy good sense and knowledge of human nature: "Mr. Walpole," he says, "is now content to have it told that it was by his fault. If we look, however, without prejudice on the world, we shall find that men whose consciousness of their own merit sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough in their association with superiors to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervor of independence to exact that attention which they refuse to pay." Johnson was obeying Sidney's prescription of looking into his own heart when he wrote that. Walpole's explanation is of the same purport: "I was young, too fond of my own diversion; nay, I do not doubt too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolences of my situation as a Prime Minister's son. . . . I treated him insolently. . . . Forgive me if I say that his temper was not conciliating." They were reconciled a few years later and continued courteously friendly till Gray's death. A meaner explanation of their quarrel has been given by gossip, that a letter which Gray had written home was opened and read by Walpole, who found in it something not to his own advantage. But the reconciliation sufficiently refutes this, for if Gray could have consented to overlook the baseness, Walpole could never have forgiven its detection. Gray was a conscientious traveller, as the notes he has left behind him prove. One of these, on the Borghese Gallery at Rome, is so characteristic as to be worth citing: "Several (Madonnas) of Rafael, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, etc., but in none of them all that heavenly grace and beauty that Guido gave, and that Carlo Maratt has so well imi-

tated in subjects of this nature." This points to an admission which those who admire Gray, as I do, are forced to make, sooner or later, that there was a taint of effeminacy in his nature. That he should have admired Norse poetry, Ossian, and the Scottish ballads is not inconsistent with this, but may be explained by what is called the attraction of opposites, which means merely that we are wont to overvalue qualities or aptitudes which we feel to be wanting in ourselves. Moreover these anti-classical yearnings of Gray began after he had ceased producing, and it was not unnatural that he should admire men who did without thinking what he could not do by taking thought. Elegance, sweetness, pathos, or even majesty he could achieve, but never that force which vibrates in every verse of larger-moulded men. Bonstetten tells us that "every sensation in Gray was passionate," but I very much doubt whether he was capable of that sustained passion of the mind which is fed by a prevailing imagination acting on the consciousness of great powers. That was something he could never feel, though he knew what it meant by his observation of others, and longed to feel it. In him imagination was passive; it could divine and select, but not create. Bonstetten, after seeing the best society in Europe on equal terms, also tells us that Gray was the most finished gentleman he had ever seen. Is it over fine to see something ominous in that word *finished?* It seems to imply limitations; to imply a consciousness that sees everything between it and the goal rather than the goal itself, that undermines enthusiasm through the haunting doubt of being undermined. We cannot help feeling in the poetry of Gray that it too is finished, perhaps I should rather say limited, as the greatest things never are, as it is one of their merits that they never can be. They suggest more than they bestow, and enlarge our apprehension beyond their own boundaries. Gray shuts us in his own contentment like a cathedral close or college quadrangle. He is all the more interesting, perhaps, that he was a true child of his century, in which decorum was religion. He could not, as Dryden calls it in his generous way, give his soul a loose, although he would. He is of the eagle brood, but unfledged. His eye shares the æther which shall never be cloven by his wing. But it is one of the school-boy blunders in criticism to deny one kind of perfection because it is not another. Gray, more than any of our poets, has shown what a depth of sentiment, how much pleasurable emotion mere words are capable of stirring through the magic of

association, and of artful arrangement in conjunction with agreeable and familiar images. For Gray is pictorial in the highest sense of the term, much more than imaginative. Some passages in his letters give us a hint that he might have been. For example, he asks his friend Stonehewer, in 1760, "Did you never observe (*while rocking winds are piping loud*) that pause as the gust is re-collecting itself?" But in his verse there is none of that intuitive phrase where the imagination at a touch precipitates thought, feeling, and image in an imperishable crystal. He knew imagination when he saw it; no man better; he could have scientifically defined it; but it would not root in the artificial soil of his own garden, though he transplanted a bit now and then. Here is an instance: Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*, hinting that Louis XVI. would fain have joined Holland against England, if he dared, says:

> "And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
> Held idle thunder in his lifted hand."

Gray felt how fine this was, and makes his Agrippina say that it was she

> "That armed
> This painted Jove and taught his novice hand
> To aim the forked bolt, while he stood trembling,
> Scared at the sound and dazzled with its brightness."

Pretty well, one would say, for a "*painted* Jove!" The imagination is sometimes *super grammaticam*, like the Emperor Sigismund, but it is coherent by the very law of its being.*

Gray brought home from France and Italy a familiar knowledge of their languages, and that enlarged culture of the eye which is one of the insensible, as it is one of the greatest gains of travel. The adventures he details in his letters are generally such as occur to all the world, but there is a passage in one of them in which he describes a scene at Rheims in 1739, so curious and so characteristic of the time as to be worth citing:

"The other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking 'Why should not we sup here?' Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, 'Come, let us sing,' and

* It is always interesting to trace the germs of lucky phrases. Dryden was familiar with the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and it may be suspected that this noble image was suggested by a verse in *The Double Marriage*—"Thou woven Worthy in a piece of arras."

directly began herself; from singing we insensibly fell to dancing and singing in a round, when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered. Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country dances which held till four o'clock in the morning, at which hour the gayest lady there proposed that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest . . . should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through the principal streets of the city and waked everybody in it."

This recalls the garden of Boccaccio, and if it be hard to fancy the "melancholy Gray" leading off such a jig of Comus, it is almost harder to conceive that this was only fifty years before the French Revolution. And yet it was precisely this gay *insousiance*, this forgetfulness that the world existed for any but a single class in it, and this carelessness of the comfort of others that made the catastrophe possible.

Immediately on his return he went back to Cambridge where he spent (with occasional absences) the rest of his days, first at Peter House and then at Pembroke College. In 1768, three years before his death, he was appointed professor of Modern Literature and Languages, but he never performed any of its functions except that of receiving the salary—"so did the Muse defend her son." Johnson describes him as "always designing lectures, but never reading them; uneasy at his neglect of duty and appeasing his uneasiness with designs of reformation and with a resolution which he believed himself to have made, of resigning the office, if he found himself unable to discharge it." This is excellently well divined, for nobody knew better than Johnson what a master of casuistry is indolence, but I find no trace of any such feeling in Gray's correspondence. After the easy-going fashion of his day he was more likely to consider his salary as another form of pension.

The first poem of Gray that was printed was the *Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College* and this when he was already thirty-one. The *Elegy* followed in 1750, the other lesser odes in 1753. *The Progress of Poesy* and the *Bard* in 1757. Collins had preceded him in this latter speices of composition, a man of more original imagination and more fervent nature, but inferior in artistic instinct. Mason gives a droll reason for the success of the *Elegy;* "It spread at first on account of the affecting and pensive cast of the subject—just like Hervey's *Meditations on the Tombs.*" What Walpole called Gray's flowering period ended with his fortieth year. From that time forward he wrote no more. Twelve years later, it is true, he writes to Walpole:

"What has one to do, when turned of fifty, but really to think of finishing? . . . However, I will be candid . . . and avow to you that, till fourscore and ten, whenever the humor takes me, I will write because I like it, and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much it is because I cannot."

Chaucer was growing plumper over his *Canterbury Tales*, and the *Divina Commedia* was still making Dante leaner when both those poets were "turned of fifty." Had Milton pleaded the same discharge, we should not have had *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes.*

No doubt Gray could have written more "if he had set himself doggedly about it," as Johnson has recommended in such cases, but he never did, and I suspect that it was this neglect rather than that of his lectures that irked him. The words "*because I like myself better when I do*" seem to point in that direction. Bonstetten, who knew him a year later than the date of this letter, says:

"The poetical genius of Gray was so extinguished in the gloomy residence of Cambridge that the recollection of his poems was hateful to him. He never permitted me to speak to him about them. When I quoted some of his verses to him, he held his tongue like an obstinate child. I said to him sometimes, 'Will you not answer me, then?' but no word came from his lips. I saw him every evening from five o'clock till midnight. We read Shakspeare, whom he adored, Dryden, Pope, Milton, etc., and our conversations, like those of friendship, knew no end. I told Gray about my life and my country, but all his own life was shut from me. Never did he speak of himself. There was in Gray between the present and the past an impassable abyss. When I would have approached it, gloomy clouds began to cover it. I believe that Gray had never loved; this was the key to the riddle."

One cannot help wishing that Bonstetten had Boswellized some of these endless conversations, for the talk of Gray was, on the testimony of all who heard it, admirable for fulness of knowledge, point, and originality of thought. Ste Beuve, commenting on the words of Bonstetten, says, with his usual quick insight and graceful cleverness:

"Je ne sais si Bonstetten avait deviné juste et si le secret de la mélancolie de Gray était dans ce manque d'amour; je le chercherais plutôt dans la stérilité d'un talent poétique si distingué, si rare, mais si avare. Oh! comme je le comprends mieux dans ce sens-là le silence obstiné et boudeur des poëtes profonds arrivés à un certain âge et taris, cette rancune encore aimante envers ce qu'on a tant aimé et qui ne reviendra plus, cette douleur d'un âme orphéline de poésie et qui ne veut pas être consolée!"

But Ste Beuve was thinking rather of the author of a certain volume of French poetry published under the pseudonym of Joseph Delorme than of Gray. Gray had been a successful poet, if ever there was one, for he had pleased both the few and the many.

There is a great difference between I could if I would and I would if I could in their effect on the mind. Ste Beuve is perhaps partly right, but it may be fairly surmised that the remorse for intellectual indolence should have had some share in making Gray unwilling to recall the time when he was better employed than in filling-in coats-of-arms on the margin of Dugdale and correcting the Latin of Linnæus. He speaks of "his natural indolence and indisposition to act," in a letter to Wharton. Temple tells us that he wished rather to be looked on as a gentleman than as a man of letters, and this may have been partly true at a time when authorship was still lodged in Grub Street and in many cases deserved no better. Gray had the admirable art of making himself respected by beginning first himself. He always treated Thomas Gray with the distinguished consideration he deserved. Perhaps neither Bonstetten nor Ste Beuve was precisely the man to understand the more than English reserve of Gray, the reserve of a man as proud as he was sensitive. And Gray's pride was not, as it sometimes is, allied to vanity; it was personal rather than social, if I may attempt a distinction which I feel but can hardly define. After he became famous, one of the several Lords Gray claimed kindred with him, perhaps I should say was willing that *he* should claim it, on the ground of a similarity of arms. Gray preferred his own private distinction and would not admit his lordship to any partnership in it. Michael Angelo, who fancied himself a proud man, was in haste to believe a purely imaginary pedigree that derived him from the Counts of Canossa.

That I am right in saying that Gray's melancholy was in part remorse at (if I may not say the waste) the abeyance of his powers, may be read between the lines (I think) in more than one of his letters. His constant endeavor was to occupy himself in whatever would save him from the reflection of how he might occupy himself better. "To find one's self business," he says "(I am persuaded), is the great art of life. . . . Some spirit, some genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself." And elsewhere: "to be employed is to be happy," which was a saying he borrowed of Swift, another self-dissatisfied man. Bonstetten says in French that "his mind was gay and his character melancholy." In German he substitutes "soul" for "character." He was cheerful, that is, in any company but his own, and this, it may be guessed, because faculties were called into play which he had not the innate

force to rouse into more profitable activity. Gray's melancholy was that of Richard II.:

> " I wasted time, and now doth time waste me,
> For now hath time made me his numbering-clock. '

Whatever the cause, it began about the time when he had finally got his two great odes off his hands. At first it took the form of resignation, as when he writes to Mason in 1757:

> " I can only tell you that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, will ever have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it, but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience, and forward, too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope and some expectation of a better day."

But it is only fair to give his own explanation of his unproductiveness. He writes to Wharton, who had asked him for an epitaph on a child just lost:

> "I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result, I suppose, of a certain disposition of mind which does not depend on one's self, and which I have not felt this long time."

In spite of this, however, it should be remembered that the motive power always becomes sluggish in men who too easily admit the supremacy of moods. But an age of common sense would very greatly help such a man as Gray to distrust himself.

If Gray ceased to write poetry, let us be thankful that he continued to write letters. Cowper, the poet, a competent judge, for he wrote excellent letters himself, and therefore had studied the art, says, writing to Hill in 1777:

> "I once thought Swift's letters the best that conld be written; but I like Gray's better. His humor, or his wit, or whatever it is to be called, is never ill-natured or offensive, and yet, I think, equally poignant with the Dean's."

I think the word that Cowper was at a loss for was *playfulness*, the most delightful ingredient in letters, for Gray can hardly be said to have had humor in the deeper sense of the word. The nearest approach to it I remember is where he writes to Walpole suffering with the gout: "The pain in your feet I can bear." He has the knack of saying droll things in an off-hand way, and as if they cost him nothing. It is only the most delicately trained hand that can venture on this playful style, easy as it seems, without danger of a catastrophe, and Gray's perfect elegance could nowhere have found

a more admirable foil than in the vulgar jauntiness and clumsy drollery of his correspondent, Mason. Let me cite an example or two.

He writes to Wharton, 1753:

"I take it ill you should say anything against the Mole. It is a reflection, I see, cast at the Thames. Do you think that rivers which have lived in London and its neighbourhood all their days will run roaring and tumbling about like your tramontane torrents in the North?"

To Brown, 1767:

"Pray that the Trent may not intercept us at Newark, for we have had infinite rain here, and they say every brook sets up for a river."

Of the French, he writes to Walpole, in Paris:

"I was much entertained with your account of our neighbors. As an Englishman and an anti-Gallican, I rejoice at their dulness and their nastiness, though I fear we shall come to imitate them in both. Their atheism is a little too much, too shocking to be rejoiced at. I have long been sick at it in their authors and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed everything."

Of course it is difficult to give instances of a thing in its nature so evanescent, yet so subtly pervasive, as what we call *tone*. I think it is in this, if in anything, that Gray's letters are on the whole superior to Swift's. This playfulness of Gray very easily becomes tenderness on occasion, and even pathos.

Writing to his friend Nicholls in 1765, he says:

"It is long since I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of our mother's illness, and the same letter informed me she was recovered. Otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this obvious and (what you call) a trite observation. . . . You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago and it seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

In his letters of condolence, perhaps the most arduous species of all composition, Gray shows the same exquisite tact which is his distinguishing characteristic as a poet. And he shows it by never attempting to console. Perhaps his notions on this matter may be divined in what he writes to Walpole (1746) about Lyttelton's *Elegy on his Wife*:

"I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttelton's *Elegy*, though I love kids and fawns as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth stanza I should be excessively pleased. Nature and sorrow and tenderness are the true genius of such things; and something of these I find in several parts of it (not in the orange trees); poetical ornaments are foreign to the purpose, for they only show a man is not sorry; and devotion worse, for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing."

And to Mason he writes in September, 1753:

"I know what it is to lose a person that one's eyes and heart have long been used to, and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss." (His mother died in the March of that year.)

Gray's letters also are a mine of acute observation and sharply-edged criticism upon style, especially those to Mason and Beattie. His *obiter dicta* have the weight of wide reading and much reflection by a man of delicate apprehension and tenacious memory for principles. "Mr. Gray used to say," Mason tells us, "that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts." * I quote a few of his sayings almost at random:

"Have you read Clarendon's book? Do you remember Mr. Cambridge's account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties? Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy."

"I think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it."

"Half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cart-load of recollection." (He is speaking of descriptions of scenery, but what he says is of wider application.)

"Froissart is the Herodotus of a barbarous age."

"Jeremy Taylor is the Shakspeare of divines."

"I rejoice when I see Machiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced."

"In truth, Shakspeare's language is one of his principal beauties, and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this than in those other great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture."

Of Dryden he said to Beattie:

"That if there was any excellence in his own numbers he had learned it wholly from that great poet, and pressed him with great earnestness to study, as his choice of words and [his] versification were singularly happy and harmonious."

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* This, perhaps, suggested to Coleridge his admirable definition of the distinction between the language of poetry and of prose. It is almost certain that Coleridge learned from Gray his nicety in the use of vowel-sounds and the secret that in a verse it is the letter that giveth life quite as often as the spirit. Many poets have been intuitively lucky in the practice of this art, but Gray had formulated it.

And again:

"Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults,"

he says in a postscript to Beattie.

To Mason he writes:

"All I can say is that your *Elegy* must not end with the worst line in it; it is flat, it is prose; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apothegm, stick a flower in it, gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied."

Gray and Mason together, however, could not make the latter a a poet!

"Now I insist that sense is nothing in poetry, but according to the dress she wears and the scene she appears in."

"I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas [Home's] was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Ashton. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner that shows the author never had heard of Aristotle."

"This latter [speaking of a passage in *Caractacus*] is exemplary for the expression (always the great point with me); I do not mean by expression the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought."

"Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical, is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry; this I have always aimed at and never could attain."

Of his own Agrippina he says:

"She seemed to me to talk like an old boy all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion."

Of the minuteness of his care in matters of expression an example or two will suffice. Writing to Mason he says:

"Sure 'seers' comes over too often; besides, it sounds ill." "Plann'd is a nasty stiff word." "I cannot give up 'lost' for it begins with an *l*."

Yet Gray's nice ear objected to "*v*ain *v*ision" as hard.

It may be asked if these minutiæ of alliteration and of close or open vowel-sounds are consistent with anything like that ecstasy of mind, from which the highest poetry is supposed to spring, and which it is its function to reproduce in the mind of the reader. But whoever would write well must *learn* to write. Even in Shakspeare we can trace the steps and even the models by which he arrived at that fatality of phrase which seems like immediate inspiration. One at least of the objects of writing is (or was) to be read, and, other things being equal, the best writers are those who make themselves most

easily readable. Gray's great claim to the rank he holds is derived from his almost unrivalled skill as an artist, in words and sounds, as an artist, too, who knew how to compose his thoughts and images with a thorough knowledge of perspective. This explains why he is so easy to remember, why, though he wrote so little, so much of what he wrote is familiar on men's tongues. There are certain plants that have seeds with hooks by which they cling to any passing animal and impress his legs into the service of their locomotion and distribution. Gray's phrases have the same gift of hooking themselves into the memory, and it was due to the exquisite artifice of their construction. His *Elegy*, certainly not through any originality of thought, but far more through originality of sound, has charmed all ears from the day it was published, and the measure in which it is written, though borrowed by Gray of Dryden, by Dryden of Davenant, by Davenant of Davies, and by him of Raleigh, is ever since associated with that poem as if by some exclusive right of property. Perhaps the great charm of the *Elegy* is to be found in its embodying that pensively stingless pessimism which comes with the first gray hair, that vague sympathy with ourselves, which is so much cheaper than sympathy with others, that placid melancholy which satisfies the general appetite for an emotion that titillates rather than wounds.

The *Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard* made their way more slowly, though the judgment of the elect (the συνετοὶ to whom Gray proudly appealed) placed them at the head of English lyric poetry. By the majority they were looked on as divine in the sense that they were past all understanding. Goldsmith criticised them in the *Monthly Review*, and a few passages of his article are worth quoting as coming from him:

"We cannot, however, without some regret, behold those talents so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that, at best, can amuse only the few; we cannot behold this rising poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his pupils, 'Study the people.' . . . He speaks to a people not easily impressed with new ideas; extremely tenacious of the old; with difficulty warmed and as slowly cooling again. How unsuited, then, to our national character is that species of poetry which rises on us with unexpected flights; where we must hastily catch the thought or it flies from us; and in short, where the reader must largely partake of the poet's enthusiasm in order to taste his beauties! . . . These two odes, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of Pindar; but then they have caught the seeming obscurity, the sudden transition and hazardous epithet of the mighty master, all which, though evidently intended for beauties, will probably be regarded as blemishes by

the generality of readers. In short, they are in some measure a representation of what Pindar now appears to be, though perhaps not what he appeared to the States of Greece."

Goldsmith preferred *The Bard* to the *Progress of Poesy*. We seem to see him willing to praise and yet afraid to like. He is possessed by the true spirit of his age. For my part I think I see as much influence of the Italian *Canzone* as of Pindar in these odes. Nor would they be better for being more like Pindar. Ought not a thing once thoroughly well done to be left conscientiously alone? And was it not Gray's object that these odes should have something of the same inspiring effect on English-speaking men as those others on Greek-speaking men? To give the same lift to the fancy and feeling? Goldsmith unconsciously gave them the right praise when he said they had "caught the spirit" of the elder poet. I remember hearing Emerson say some thirty years ago, that he valued Gray chiefly as a comment on Pindar.

Gray himself seems to have kept his balance very well; indeed, it may be conjectured that he knew the short-comings of his work better than any one else could have told him of them. He writes to Hurd:

"As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honor to admire, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice that they are doing a very unfashionable thing, for all people of condition are agreed not to admire nor even to understand. One very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times, and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above thirty questions to ask. Another, a peer, believes that the last stanza of the second ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not succeed, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head; in short, I have heard of nobody but a player and a Doctor of Divinity that profess their esteem for them. O, yes! a lady of quality, a friend of Mason's who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was anything said about Shakspeare and Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about."

If the success of the odes was not such as to encourage Gray to write more, they certainly added to his fame and made their way to admiration in France and Italy.

The fate of Gray since his death has been a singular one. He has been underrated both by the Apostles of Common Sense and of Imagination, by Johnson, and Wordsworth. Johnson was in an uncommonly surly mood even for him when he wrote his life of Gray. He blames and praises him for the same thing. He makes it a

fault in the *Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College*, that "the prospect . . . suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel;" and a merit of the *Elegy*, that "it abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo." This no doubt is one of the chief praises of Gray, as of other poets, that he is the voice of emotions common to all mankind. "Tell me what I feel" is what everybody asks of the poet. But surely it makes some difference *how* we are told. It is one proof how good a thing is that it looks so easy after it is done. Johnson growls also at Mr. Walpole's cat as if he were one of the race which is the hereditary foe of that animal. He hits a blot when he criticises "the azure flowers that blow," but is blind to the easy fancy, the almost feline grace of the whole, with its playful claws of satire sheathed in velvet.

Wordsworth in his famous preface attacks Gray as "the head of those who by their reasonings have attempted to widen the space of separation betwixt prose and metrical composition" [he means betwixt the language of the two], "and was more than any other man curiously elaborate in the structure of his own poetic diction." He then quotes Gray's sonnet on the death of his friend West.

> "In vain to me the smiling mornings shine
> And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
> The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
> Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;
> These ears, alas, for other notes repine;
> *A different object do these eyes require,*
> *My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,*
> *And in my breast the imperfect joys expire;*
> Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
> And newborn pleasure springs to happier men;
> The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
> To warm their little loves the birds complain;
> *I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,*
> *And weep the more because I weep in vain.*"

"It will easily be perceived that the only part of this sonnet which is of any value is the lines printed in italics; it is equally obvious that except in the rhyme and in the use of the single word 'fruitless' for 'fruitlessly,' which is so far a defect, the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose." I think this criticism a little ungracious, for it would not be easy to find many sonnets (even of Wordsworth's own) with five first-rate verses out of the fourteen. But what is most curious is that Wordsworth

should not have seen that this very sonnet disproves the theory of diction with which he charges him. I cannot find that he had any such theory. He does, indeed, say somewhere that the language of the age is never the language of poetry, which if taken as he understood it is true, but I know not where Wordsworth found his "reasonings." Gray by the language of the age meant the language of conversation, for he goes on to say, "Except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose." Gray's correspondence with Mason proves that he had no such theory. Let a pair of instances suffice.

"There is an affectation in so often using the old phrase 'or ere' for 'before.'" "*Intellect* is a word of science and therefore inferior to any more common word." Wordsworth should have had more sympathy with a man who loved mountains as well as he, and not wholly in the eighteenth-century fashion either. "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff," writes Gray from the Grande Chartreuse, "but is pregnant with religion and poetry." That was Wordsworth's own very view, his ownty downty view one is sometimes tempted to call it, when he won't let anybody else have a share in it.

After a journey in Scotland:

"The Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but those monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen that have not been among them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering-shrubs, horse-ponds, fleet-ditches, shell-grottoes, and Chinese rails."

Sir James Mackintosh says that Gray first traced out every picturesque tour in Britain, and Gray was a perpetual invalid. He discovered the Wye before Wordsworth, and floated down it in a boat, "near forty miles, surrounded with ever-new delights;" nay, it was he who made known the Lake region to the Lakers themselves. Wordsworth, I can't help thinking, had a little unconscious jealousy of Gray, whose fame as the last great poet was perhaps somewhat obtrusive when Wordsworth was at the University. His last word about him is in a letter to Gillies in 1816.

"Gray failed as a poet not because he took too much pains and so extinguished his animation, but because he had very little of that fiery quality to begin with, and his pains were of the wrong sort. He wrote English verses as his brother Eton schoolboys wrote Latin, filching a phrase now from one author and now from another. I do not profess to be a person of very various reading; nevertheless, if I were to pluck out of Gray's tail all of the feathers which I know belong to other

birds, he would be left very bare indeed. Do not let anybody persuade you that any quantity of good verses can be produced by mere felicity; or that an immortal style can be the growth of mere genius. '*Multa tulit fecitque*' must be the motto of all those who are to last." *

What would be left to Gray after this plucking would be his genius, for genius he certainly had, or he could not have produced the effect of it. The gentle Cowper, no bad critic also he, was kinder.

"I have been reading Gray's works," he says, "and think him the only poet since Shakspeare entitled to the character of sublime. Perhaps you will remember that I once had a different opinion of him. I was prejudiced."

You could read all the poems of Gray in the time it has taken you to read this essay, and certainly one would find it a more agreeable and profitable employment of time. In spite of unjust depreciation and misapplied criticism, he holds his own and bids fair to last as long as the language which he knew how to write so well and of which he is one of the glories. Wordsworth is justified in saying that he helped himself from everybody and everywhere—and yet he made such admirable use of what he stole (if theft there was) that we should as soon think of finding fault with a man for pillaging the dictionary. He mixed himself with whatever he took—an incalculable increment. In the editions of his poems, the thin line of text stands at the top of the page like cream, and below it is the skim-milk drawn from many milky mothers of the herd out of which it has risen. But the thing to be considered is that, no matter where the material came from, the result is Gray's own. Whether original or not, he knew how to make a poem, a very rare knowledge among men. The thought in Gray is neither uncommon nor profound, and you may call it beatified commonplace if you choose. I shall not contradict you. I have lived long enough to know that there is a vast deal of commonplace in the world of no particular use to anybody, and am thankful to the man who has the divine gift to idealize it for me.

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* I need not point out that Wordsworth is a little confused, if not self-contradictory in this criticism. I will add only two quotations to show that accidents will happen to the best-regulated poets:

"At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the day-time."—Gray to Wharton, 1769.

"A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day."—*White Doe.*

Gray probably guided Wordsworth to the vein of gold in Dyer.

Nor am I offended with this odor of the library that hangs about Gray, for it recalls none but delightful associations. It was in the very best literature that Gray was steeped and I am glad that both he and we should profit by it. If he appropriated a fine phrase wherever he found it, it was by right of eminent domain, for surely he was one of the masters of language. His praise is that what he touched was idealized, and kindled with some virtue that was not there before, but came from him.

And he was the most conscientious of artists. Some of the verses which he discards in deference to this conscientiousness of form which sacrifices the poet to the poem, the parts to the whole, and regards nothing but the effect to be produced, would have made the fortune of another poet. Take for example this stanza omitted from the *Elegy* (just before the Epitaph), because says Mason, "he thought it was too long a parenthesis in this place."

> "There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Gray might run his pen through this, but he could not obliterate it from the memory of men. Surely Wordsworth himself never achieved a simplicity of language so pathetic in suggestion, so musical in movement as this.

Any slave of the mine may find the rough gem, but it is the cutting and polishing that reveal its heart of fire; it is the setting that makes of it a jewel to hang at the ear of Time. If Gray cull his words and phrases here, there, and everywhere, it is he who charges them with the imaginative or picturesque touch which only he could give and which makes them magnetic. For example, in these two verses of *The Bard:*

> "Amazement in his van with Flight combined,
> And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind!"

The suggestion (we are informed by the notes) came from Cowley and Oldham, and the amazement *combined* with flight sticks fast in prose. But the personification of Sorrow and the fine generalization of Solitude in the last verse which gives an imaginative reach to the whole passage is Gray's own. The owners of what Gray "conveyed" would have found it hard to identify their property

and prove title to it after it had once suffered the Gray-change by steeping in his mind and memory.

When the example in our Latin Grammar tells us that *Mors communis est omnibus* it states a truism of considerable interest, indeed, to the person in whose particular case it is to be illustrated, but neither new or startling. No one would think of citing it, whether to produce conviction or to heighten discourse. Yet mankind are agreed in finding something more poignant in the same reflection when Horace tells us that the palace as well as the hovel shudders at the indiscriminating foot of Death. Here is something more than the dry statement of a truism. The difference between the two is that between a lower and a higher; it is, in short, the difference between prose and poetry. The oyster has begun, at least, to secrete its pearl, something identical with its shell in substance, but in sentiment and association how unlike! Malherbe takes the same image and makes it a little more picturesque, though, at the same time, I fear, a little more Parisian, too, when he says that the sentinel pacing before the gate of the Louvre cannot forbid Death an entrance to the King. We do not ask where people got their hints, but what they made out of them. The commonplace is unhappily within reach of us all, and unhappily, too, they are rare who can give it novelty and even invest it with a kind of grandeur as Gray knew how to do. If his poetry be a mosaic, the design is always his own. He, if any, had certainly "the last and greatest art," the art to please. Shall we call everything mediocre that is not great? Shall we deny ourselves to the charm of sentiment because we prefer the electric shudder that imagination gives us? Even were Gray's claims to being a great poet rejected, he can hardly be classed with the many, so great and uniform are the efficacy of his phrase and the music to which he sets it. Above all it is as a teacher of the science of composition that he is to be valued. If there be any well of English undefiled, it is to be found in him and his master, Dryden. They are still standards of what may be called classical English, neither archaic nor modern, and as far removed from pedantry as from vulgarity. They were

> "Tous deux disciples d'une escole
> Où l'on forcene doucement,"

a school in which have been enrolled the Great Masters of literature.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ETHICS.

If Principal Shairp of St. Andrews were alive and writing to-day he would not ask, as he did in 1868, why ethical science as pursued in Great Britain of late years is "so little attractive and so little edifying;" nor would he be constrained to confess that while the study of metaphysic has renewed its youth "to moral science no such revival has come."* Moral Philosophy has had its full share of the quickening influences that have been at work upon Philosophy in general: in proof of this one need only turn to the recently published Index to the ten volumes of *Mind*. The reasons for renewed interest in Ethics are easily understood. This science stands so closely related to the other philosophical Disciplines that increased attention to them cannot but affect it. One may feel discouraged about his progress in Ethics when Mr. Shadworth Hodgson tells him that it can only be "completely and satisfactorily studied by a combination of the three sciences of History, Nervous Physiology and the Metaphysical analysis of states of consciousness in the individual;"† but Mr. Hodgson is probably right. Political Economy and Ethics are separate sciences, but to a certain extent they cover common ground: what is ethically commanded in one department being economically commended in the other. Jurisprudence and Ethics are likewise closely related; although they ought not to be identified by making Jurisprudence a branch of Ethics as Bentham did, or Ethics a department of Law as Austin did. The two sciences, as Holland‡ shows, deal in great measure with the same topics but from different points of view; and though this writer is probably incorrect in regard to the ground of distinction between them, he is much nearer the truth than Mr. Pollock who does not "see that a jurist is bound to be a moral philosopher more than other men."§ The relation between Law and Morals, however, is itself a large question, and able thinkers like Pollock and Lorimer are found on opposite sides of it. But—to account still further for

* *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, p. 348.

† *Theory of Practice*, Vol. I., p. 27.

‡ *Jurisprudence*, p. 23.

§ *Essays on Jurisprudence and Ethics*, p. 23.

the interest taken just now in ethical subjects—it must be remembered that ever since Bacon's time the science of morals has been specially cultivated in Great Britain, and that every change of philosophical sentiment is reflected in the ethical history of that country. At this moment a certain pathetic interest attaches itself to the study of Ethics: for some who have fallen into despair in regard to religion and who regret that their interest in Theology is waning, are taking refuge in morality; and, dissatisfied with its old defences, are seeking to fortify it by means of the new appliances furnished by Evolution. Hence the question raised not long ago touching the possibility of an untheological morality, and the inquiry whether Ethics would survive the downfall of Religion. But the ethical revival owes its existence in part also to other causes than those already named.

To keep alive any deep interest in a scientific subject there must be either the enthusiasm enkindled by the hope of discovery or the stimulating influence of controversy. Both of these causes operate just now in Ethics. The revolution of philosophical opinion in Great Britain is very remarkable. Strong men, it is true, are standing upon old intuitional ground and are doing good work against the empirical evolutionists on the one hand and the idealistic evolutionists on the other; but it is idle to deny that the dominant word to-day is Evolution. Hegelianism is dead in Germany; but one begins to feel that through the combined influence of Empiricism and Hegelianism the Scottish philosophy is almost dead in Scotland. It is certainly true, as Mr. Seth remarks, that among the men of the younger generation "the thread of national tradition has been but loosely held."* Empiricism has hoisted its flag over the whole continent of thought and has given warning of its intention to take forcible possession of every inch of territory at its convenience. Meanwhile, the rich and inviting principality known as Moral Science has been invaded; and the exciting questions in theoretical ethics grow out of the struggle of rival philosophies for permanent possession. The Intuitionalists are here; the Utilitarians are here; the neo-Hegelians are here; and now the Evolutionists have come.

It is easy to see that the department of Ethics opens a very interesting and at the same time a very difficult field of investigation to believers in the Spencerian philosophy. For an evolutionary

* *Scottish Philosophy*, p. 2.

philosophy of ethics is the necessary prelude to an evolutionary philosophy of religion; and short of this a philosophy cannot stop that aims at the unification of knowledge. But in order to write ethics under the rubric of evolution it is necessary to re-write psychology. This is very easy when speculative evolution satisfies, but particularly difficult when the attempt is made to rest conclusions upon a basis of fact. For we cannot see ideas in the making. There are no cabinets of unmoralised or half-moralised conceptions, serving as illustrations of the evolution hypothesis; and, in the absence of evidence like that to which the biologist appeals, the moralist of the evolution school has to make the most of the experience of savages and the psychology of brutes. The testimony of past human experience, exhibiting the passage of thought from the non-moral to the moral, cannot be found; and the advocate of the evolution-ethic is, consequently, engaged in the somewhat unprofitable work of studying pre-historic history.

It is not to be supposed that writers like Mr. Spencer and Mr. Stephen will be allowed to have things their own way. Good work is being done in opposition to them by some of the Anglo-Hegelians: though their influence is probably very limited: and Mr. Seth remarks that "the cannonade appears to pass harmlessly over the enemy's head." Again both empiricists and idealists are finding out that Intuitionalism is neither dead nor sleeping. The state of philosophy in Great Britain may, therefore, be described as a triangular fight, with Ethics as a principal battle-ground. What is true of Great Britain is also to a certain extent true of America. The title of this article, understood in a comprehensive linguistic sense, will justify reference to authors on both sides of the sea.

The fact that the study of human conduct is approached from opposite philosophical directions and that conflicting opinions are entertained not only in regard to what the end of action should be but also in regard to the method of arriving at a knowledge of that end, will naturally give rise to a variety of ethical methods. How, indeed, these methods should be classified is itself an interesting question, and one that is brought to notice by the titles of two of the most valuable contributions to the ethical literature of this generation. Mr. Sidgwick* divides ethical methods according to

* *The Methods of Ethics.*

the different ideas men have of the end of conduct: some finding it in personal happiness, others in the happiness of the community, while a third class say that the true end of life is moral perfection. Egoistic Hedonism, Utilitarianism, and Intuitionalism are thus the three leading types of ethical theory. Whatever may be said regarding the adequacy of this classification, it served the purpose of securing boundary lines for the work in ethical criticism which the author had undertaken and which he has accomplished with such signal ability.

Dr. Martineau's* scheme is more comprehensive. He divides ethical thinkers into two classes: those who proceed by the subjective (psychological) method of interpreting the outside entities God and the world according to the analogy of experience; and those who adopt the objective (unpsychological) method of interpreting experience with the help of one or other of these entities. The unpsychological method may have as its presupposition either God or the world. If the former, it will be metaphysical, and this again may be of the immanental or the transcendental order (Plato, Des Cartes, Malebranche and Spinoza are historical representatives of the metaphysical method); if the latter, it will be physical as seen in the philosophy of Comte. The psychological method, again, may be divided into two heads, according as we seek to develop moral science by the interpretation of the conscience itself; or by tracing the development of the moral out of the non-moral in the study of psychological facts outside of conscience. "Idiopsychological" and "heteropsychological" are the epithets employed to denote these two methods. The idiopsychological method coincides with the author's own view, and the didactic portion of the work is contained under that head. The heteropsychological method exists in three forms, called, respectively, Hedonistic, Dianöetic, and Æsthetic Ethics; and is represented in Dr. Martineau's pages by the systems of Spencer, Cudworth, Clarke, Shaftesbury and Hutcheson. This arrangement is ingenious and logical; though it is hard to avoid the feeling that the artistic purpose which it serves had something to do with its elaboration. It exhibits ethical systems in the light of new relations and at the same time gives the air of logical completeness to a work that, otherwise, in spite of its acknowledged greatness, would have to be regarded as fragmentary: being neither a

* *Types of Ethical Theory.*

complete history of Ethics nor a complete ethical system. The arrangement adopted leaves the author free to follow his plan of historical eclecticism without incurring blame for incompleteness; and to mingle history, criticism, and didactic statement without violence to the laws of logic. The author's own position, corresponding to the idiopsychological type, occupies the centre of the work, and is supported on the right and the left, respectively, by historico-critical accounts of systems representing the unpsychological and heteropsychological methods.

Less ambitious, but very serviceable and, for the author's purpose, adequate is the division made by Mr. Sorley into those methods which recognise Reason as a factor in determining the moral Ideal, and those which regard man's natural impulses as the only basis of moral science. Rationalistic and Naturalistic Ethics are, therefore, the two antithetical types of moral science according to this author whose recent book* is a very acute and searching criticism of the Ethics of Naturalism.

It must be remembered that there is something more than the logic of classification in the question under consideration. Ethical methods indicate ethical problems; and though the classifications referred to are logical enough, they fail to bring out some important phases of current ethical discussion. Still another classification will therefore be adopted here; but this can be better presented after a definition of Ethics is reached. What then is Ethics? It will not do to say with Sidgwick that it is the science which seeks to determine the rightness or wrongness of actions; for the entire field of human character is its province. Nor, with Martineau, that Ethics is the science of character; for character is what *is*, and Ethics deals particularly with what *ought to be*. 'Conduct' does not define Ethics; for Jurisprudence and Political Economy deal with conduct too. Nor can we say with accuracy that Ethics has to do with purposed conduct; for much purposed conduct is non-moral: whether I dine at mid-day or six o'clock, or drink tea or coffee at breakfast may be a matter of purposed conduct; but it would only be in exceptional cases that such purposed conduct would have any ethical significance. If, moreover, we say with Herbert Spencer that Ethics is the science that deals with the conduct of associated human beings we speak inadequately: for besides making Robinson Crusoe a non-moral

* *Ethics of Naturalism.*

being before he found "Friday," we overlook the relations that man sustains to God above him and the brute beneath him—relations that generate the moral obligations reflected in religious institutions and humane legislation. Professor Birks came nearer a satisfying definition when he said that Ethics is the science of ideal humanity—the only objection to it being that it does not necessarily imply self-determination and obligation. Self-directing agency is the presupposition of ethical science; and separates it by a sharp line from Physics. It is also assumed that action can and should be directed to the attainment of some end or should conform to some rule. It may be said, then, that Ethics is the science that deals with the character and conduct—that is to say the life—of self-determining agents in reference to an obligatory ideal. The different methods may be represented by the different positions assigned to the three leading ideas in this definition.

The first method emphasises character and conduct—Life. The problem is, Given human conduct as we see it exhibited, to find the moral ideal. Certain regulated relations called morality have been evolved in the struggle for life. If society is to continue it must be moral. Tendencies are visible in the social organism—tendencies looking toward greater happiness, more complex existence or more altruistic conduct. What human life ought to be we infer from what it is going to be. We get the ethical end in the temporal outcome. The thither of tendency is the thither of end and should be the thither of effort. The method is simple:—Crystallise existing concrete morality and you get the commandments. Read the tendencies of society and generalise for the ethical end, which may be the health or happiness of the social organism. Then say to the individual, 'If you wish to have society realise its end you must keep the commandments.' This is the way that the evolution-ethic inculcates preceptive morality. Unfortunately for morality it prefaces its 'ought' with an 'if.' Still more unfortunately for moral responsibility, moreover, even this hypothetical 'ought' can be uttered only at the cost of philosophical consistency. For, upon the principles of this philosophy, the moralist can do nothing more than observe facts as they are and predict facts as they will be. There is no logical place in the system for moral ideals or moral obligations.

The second method starts with the moral ideal. Nothing is simpler than to say that Happiness is what we want and Holiness is

the shortest road to its attainment. And a very effective morality can be built upon the basis of Hedonism; but we get prudence, not obligation, as the outcome. Nor is the matter changed so far as obligation is concerned when the ideal is Altruism. It is easy to say, 'This or that conduct tends to promote the happiness of others and therefore you ought to follow it.' But the 'ought' immediately raises the inquiry why the happiness of others should be a matter of any concern—showing that instead of getting obligation as an inference from the end, we need obligation as a factor in determining the end. It will be said, however, that sympathy is part of our nature, and that, therefore, we best consult our own interests in caring for others: but again it is prudence and not obligation that is preached. Altruism may be Egoism in disguise. You give a beggar one or two of the small coins in the cash-pocket of your overcoat, and buy the cheapest pleasure in the market. You give a cast-off garment to some freezing mortal of your own size and sex, and feel satisfaction, —not intense, not lasting, perhaps: but considering the outlay the returns are immense. For quick returns and large profits there is no stock that pays so well in the account of pleasure as loose pennies and old clothes. If, therefore, you commend to me as my chief good the seeking of the happiness of other people on the ground of sympathy, you are really commending benevolence in the form of self-love. It is a very effective motive, no doubt, but it is not moral obligation.

It makes no difference what the alleged end of conduct may be, it will be impossible to generate the idea of Right and the sense of obligation out of the adaptation of means to ends. Just here President Porter's able volume on Moral Science seems open to criticism. "For," says this distinguished writer,* "the moral relations are not original categories, but are the necessary result of a special application of the category of adaptation or design." A rash interpreter of Dr. Porter's system would begin by saying that Intellect recognises the end, that Right is the means to the end, and that we are under obligation to do right if we would realise the end—obligation being expressed in the terms of the hypothetical and not the categorical imperative. He would probably justify this interpretation by saying that the words 'right' and 'ought' stand for moral relations that are not original categories, but the result of an application of the

* *Elements of Moral Science*, p. 138.

category of design. They presuppose the end as already recognised, and cannot be constituent elements in determining the end itself. Yet Dr. Porter says that the intellect recognises the end that is "best"—implying that some ends would be unworthy: though it is hard to see how the intellect can decide between ends that are fit and those that are unfit to be chosen, without some original category of Right to appeal to. He also says that the intellect imposes this end as a law upon the will, so that the imperative intended by Dr. Porter is not the hypothetical imperative expressed in the words 'Do so-and-so if you would realise this end,' but the categorical imperative expressed in the words 'Realise this end.' When he says this, however, he practically abandons the statement that moral relations are the result of an application of the category of design. There is inconsistency here, but it is valuable, nevertheless, as showing that we cannot set out with the ethical end and derive moral obligation from it, or, indeed, do more than give advice; and that the idea of obligation must antedate and determine the moral ideal.

The writers just referred to treat the ideal as an end to be realised rather than a rule to be complied with, and there is a difference among moralists concerning the place to be assigned to the Good and the Right, respectively, in ethical systems. Something will be said presently regarding the relations that these ideas sustain to one another. Meanwhile, however, the old question, Why ought I to do right? suggests itself; and it will not appear to be as absurd as Dugald Stewart supposed if it serve to show the logical priority of the Categorical Imperative.

We are brought then to the third method in ethics: the true method—if the seeming dogmatism is not offensive. We must start with moral obligation expressed in categorical terms, or we shall never get it without a compromising 'if.' It is easy to understand the two uses of the word 'ought' when it is said, 'You ought to pay your pew-rent,' and 'You ought to read *Silas Lapham*.' Yet in these two uses there are fundamental distinctions that divide into two classes all of those ethical systems that recognise man as a self-determining agent. It may be that it is only in recent times that special attention has been turned to the idea of 'oughtness,' yet the frequency with which this somewhat awkward word is used in current ethical literature is evidence that the idea for which it stands is a subject of deep interest. Does it express a command or only a sense of reluctance? Does it signify "utility made compulsory" or

is it transformed prudence? Is it the *sic volo, sic jubeo* of the individual will, or is there a metaphysical background of idealistic evolution or of Divine government that gives it significance? The different opinions that prevail in answer to these questions may be taken as illustrative of the state of English Ethics at this moment.

Two topics in current discussion bear vitally upon moral obligation: the Freedom of the Will and the Genesis of Moral Ideas. New light on the old topic of Free Will need hardly be looked for. Dr. Martineau's distinction between spontaneity and freedom will not settle the question: nor will the doctrine of occasional freedom taught by Bishop Temple and President Porter. Mr. Sidgwick thinks that the facts point to determinism but holds, nevertheless, to indeterminism because he believes it necessary to moral responsibility. Mr. Leslie Stephen argues very forcibly to the effect that determinism is no barrier to moral responsibility, and takes ground that is familiar to Calvinistic theologians. Physical determinism, it must be remembered, however, is a very different thing from the determinism of character; and the late Mr. Green was undoubtedly right when he said that "to a being who is simply the result of natural forces an injunction to comply with those forces is simply unmeaning." To be a moral being one must be a self-determining being, however his self-determinations may be accounted for. In ordinary daily life the sphere of self-determination is easily recognised. If, for example, we tell a boy fourteen years old that he ought to grow to be six feet tall and develop remarkable musical genius, he may very properly reply, 'I belong to an unmusical family and both of my parents were short. I take my place in the procession of humanity where it is assigned me and by no choice of mine. I can not help the conditions of heredity and environment that determine my height of stature, color of hair and lack of musical talent.' If, however, we tell him to be careful how he handles his gun, he will probably recognise the advice as sensible and admit that his previous carelessness had made it timely. A loaded gun is something within the sphere of his self-determination. He can throw it over his shoulder or blow down the barrel just as he pleases. Moral responsibility clearly lies within the sphere of self-determination: but what is self-determination? We recognise that a man is the cause of his own voluntary acts; but we know that these voluntary acts depend upon his genius, character and antecedent states of mind and body.

So that while a man's acts are self-determined these self-determinations may be themselves determined by antecedent conditions. If we go behind the volitions to inquire whether any conditions determined these self-determinations we shall probably end in a theory of will that destroys the significance of character altogether; or else we shall adopt one that is equivalent to some form of determinism. Just what form is a very important question: for physical determinism is materialism, is automatism, is opposed to all purposive action and is incompatible with ethical science. According to this theory the whole story of life, mind, consciousness, reason, morality, and religion is told in the terms of matter and motion. Volitions take their places as middle terms in a series of phenomena, conditioning and conditioned by turns. For causes first or final we make vain search. The everlasting tread-mill of antecedent and consequent goes round and round, but we can neither rest nor make progress. There are motions molar, motions molecular, rates of motion, motions calculable in foot-pounds, and motions interchangeable. The problem, therefore, to-day is not by any means the simple question concerning freedom of the Will; but whether Ethics is or is not a department of natural philosophy. The hinge of this discussion, as Green remarks,* is not "the question commonly debated with so much ambiguity of terms between 'determinists' and 'indeterminists'; nor the question whether there is or is not a possibility of unmotived willing; but the question whether motives of that kind by which it is the characteristic of moral or human action to be determined are of properly natural origin or can be rightly regarded as natural phenomena." Green discusses the question of motive and the relation of desire and will with great subtlety, though without removing all the difficulties. He shows us that Esau's motive in selling his birthright was not the mess of pottage, nor the physical appetite of hunger, but a deliberate and conscious realisation of himself as in thought enjoying the pleasure afforded by the mess of pottage. But he ends in identifying desire and will, as so many have done before, and, in explanation of Esau's act, falls back upon Esau's character. Green makes valuable protest against the materialistic determinism of the day and teaches the determinism of character, in which he does not differ much from Jonathan Edwards, notwithstanding his Hegelian metaphysic, his more refined psychology and greater subtlety of discrimination.

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* *Prolegomena to Ethics*, p. 93.

The advocates of physical determinism believe also in the empirical origin of moral ideas. Grave interests both in morals and religion are involved in this psychological discussion. The earlier school of empirical psychologists proceeded upon the assumption that the genesis of moral ideas may be traced in the experience of the individual. They relied mainly upon the doctrine of the association of ideas and made little or no account of heredity. Professor Bain represents this type of thought with very distinguished ability; but it has in great measure been superseded by the evolution-hypothesis which, of course, maintains that moral ideas owe their origin to development, but allows a longer time for the process. In this way it escapes some of the difficulties urged against the older empiricism—admitting that ideas may be intuitive and à priori so far as the individual is concerned, though having an empirical origin in a remote and perhaps pre-human ancestry. But evolutionism has its own difficulties to contend with. It has never explained how the moral can come out of the non-moral, any more than it has shown how life came out of the non-living and consciousness out of the unconscious. There are many "hitches" in the evolution ethic, as Dr. Martineau shows; and it is well for us that there are; for serious consequences would result from its scientific establishment: although this would be disputed by those who just now are beginning to adjust the doctrine of moral obligation to the demands of the evolution theory. Apologetic of this sort, however, is premature. It is not denied that an instinctive morality would exist for a time at least even though it could not be rationally defended, just as men would still eat and drink and perpetuate the race though it were conclusively shown that life is not worth living. But obligatory morality is incompatible with the theory of its evolutionary genesis. "It is absurd" says Dr. Martineau "to pretend that no practical interest is affected by the idea we may form of the genesis of the moral sentiments." Dr. Martineau is right: we lay a sharp axe at the roots of our religious nature when we discredit our moral intuitions.

The evolutionist must recognise, as Guyau* does, that his morality is without obligation and without sanction. Has he then any basis for morality at all? Can evolution indicate an ethical end? This inquiry opens the larger question concerning the Good and the

* *Esquisse d'une Morale sans Obligation ni Sanction.*

place it holds in ethical science. Making the question broader than that suggested by evolution and adopting a division of ethical methods referred to before, let us ask first whether the ethics of Naturalism can furnish a moral ideal? Mr. Sorley's discussion of this question is eminently satisfactory. The ethics of Naturalism regards man as influenced by the motive of pleasure or by this motive in connection with other impulses. If pleasure motive action it is useless to say that something else than pleasure is the end; and it is absurd to say that a man ought to seek pleasure if he is so constituted that he can seek nothing else. Psychological Hedonism cannot be transformed into ethical Hedonism. It is likewise impossible to make the transition from Egoism to Utilitarianism. Start with the proposition that man always acts with his own pleasure in view, and you cannot pass from it to the duty of making the happiness of other people his object. Reason or Authority may teach us to consider the happiness of others, but Naturalism refuses to consult either. It starts with the proposition that pleasure motives conduct, and it is impossible for it, therefore, to reach Altruism. There are, however, benevolent as well as self-regarding impulses. Hutcheson and others inculcated benevolence as a natural impulse commending itself to the moral sense. But Mr. Sorley shows that these writers either commend Benevolence as promoting the happiness of him who exhibits it, in which case they fall back upon Egoism; or they defend it on rational or intuitional grounds, and abandon Naturalism altogether. "Conscience, I say, not thine own but of the other." Here is the difficulty. How is the chasm between "thine own" and "the other" to be bridged? The Utilitarianism of Mill and Bentham cannot do it. We turn then to Evolution to see whether it reveals an identity between the individual and society sufficient to form the basis of an altruistic morality. If the interests of the individual and of society were shown to be identical, then, supposing that it were in some way known that general happiness is the end of conduct, the individual would have a strong motive for trying to promote it; though Mr. Sorley goes too far in calling this motive obligation. But the identity of interests has not been made out; and if it were, Evolution would only furnish an egoistic motive for realising an altruistic end. That altruistic end, however, needs proof. Mill tried to prove it but failed. Can Evolution establish the Utilitarian end? Or, if it cannot, can it offer a defensible substitute for it? Mr. Sorley answers both questions in the nega-

tive. He reminds us that Mr. Spencer regards Happiness as the supreme end and conformity to the laws of life as the immediate and practical end; that other writers of the same school regard the increase of life as the end; and that therefore the philosophy of evolution is oscillating at this moment between pleasure and activity as the moral ideal. If it be said that Pleasure is the ideal, the Pessimist will reply that the increase of life is not attended with a corresponding increase of pleasure; and though the Pessimist is probably wrong, it, nevertheless, cannot be shown that the increase of life and the increase of pleasure are coincident. In a subsequent chapter, full of very careful reasoning, Mr. Sorley also shows that activity cannot be the end of human existence, whether by activity be meant adaptation to evironment or tendency to variation, or increase of life; and he concludes by saying that "the theory of evolution—however great its achievements in the realm of natural science—is almost resultless in ethics."

The naturalistic evolutionist has nothing to do with ideals. He witnesses the world-process and sees the growing complexity of phenomena. He cannot say that this constant change is a process from lower to higher unless he already have an ideal by which to judge it. Evolution cannot make ideals with which to measure itself. Logic and mathematics know nothing about better and worse; and these are the sciences with which the evolutionist chiefly has to do: he can classify and count. Mr. Stephen regards the health of the social organism as the moral ideal. He gets this by translating *is* into *ought*: the tendencies of the social organism are toward health and happiness; therefore, this ought to be the goal of moral effort. Writers like Mr. Spencer and Mr. Stephen show how hard it is to get rid of intuitionalism and what a grip teleology has upon the human mind when they speak so constantly of the end toward which things are moving, and, in their optimistic moods, prophesy the social millennium. As Dr. Martineau says, they theorise in one language, but they feel in another. It would be worth while, if space allowed, to ask what basis Mr. Stephen has for the inculcation of morality, in view of what he considers the moral ideal. Society survives, it may be said, because it practises the cardinal virtues. We know this because the cardinal virtues are here, and a moral law has been disengaged during the process of evolution, in which they are commended. But vice is here too. It gives great trouble and shows no lack of vitality. How does Mr. Stephen know that some immorality has not likewise been conducive to social well-being, and, as Mandeville

would say, that private vices are not public benefits? On what principle, other than the wholesome prejudice engendered by education, does Mr. Stephen discriminate between persistent tendencies of our nature, and say that some are good and others bad? If immorality should prove conducive to the health of "social tissue" Mr. Stephen would not hesitate to commend it; for according to him the great command of Nature is not 'Be pure,' or 'Be perfect,' but "Be strong." Between Samson and St. John Mr. Stephen would choose Samson every time. "Nature," he says, "wants big, strong, hearty, eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest rewards of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder, and robbery, or an utter absence of malice, or even highly cultivated sympathies." * This is candid if not choice.

Naturalism can furnish no moral ideal. But do we fare any better at the hands of Reason? Mr. Balfour† would answer, No. He is correct however in saying that we cannot get behind the idea expressed by obligation. To say, 'I ought to speak the truth because veracity benefits society' only raises the question, 'Why ought I to consider the well-being of society?' The first obligation is as evident as the second. But when Mr. Balfour says that the moralist's principal function is to expose ultimate ends for inspection, and show what for each of us they actually are rather than what they ought to be, he is making the intuitions lead the way to scepticism. The choice of a supreme end is, as Dr. Hopkins says, a matter of moral obligation. Left in the world with a category of obligation and no moral ideal, we should be face to face with Pessimism, as Dr. Royce declares. If there is an ideal that every man has intuitively, that settles the matter. But the "warfare of moral ideals" seems to indicate that the ultimate end is not to be reached by bare inspection. Mr. Balfour's reasoning makes every man a law unto himself. Dr. Royce's looks toward pessimism; or, more correctly, the implication of it is, that prior to the publication of his very readable book‡ the world was on the verge of ethical despair. It must be confessed, however, that if the world were in the condition described by this writer, no hope of immediate improvement could be looked for

* *Science of Ethics*, p. 409.
† *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, p. 335.
‡ *The Religious Aspect of Philosophy.*

simply because the world's "moral insight" is not adjusted with sufficient delicacy to take in all the fine things he has to say. Where then are we to look for the moral ideal? Appeal must not be made to the nature of God: for, says Dr. Royce, the order is: Ethics first, Theology afterward. We must not appeal to any physical fact, or metaphysical entity, or native instinct: for Dr. Royce is afraid that God may change his mind, or Universal Reason go insane, or the consciences of all men become hopelessly corrupt; and he wants to know what under these circumstances we should do. But why does Dr. Royce borrow trouble in this way? Of course if such a cosmic panic were to occur we should probably go down; but, meanwhile, we may as well stand by the universe and be willing to share its fortunes. Dr. Royce wants a moral ideal that is self-evident, and dependent upon no outside physical or metaphysical fact. Plato, Jesus, and moralists without exception have fallen short of a moral ideal satisfying these conditions. To some it will not appear strange that Dr. Royce has not been successful where, according to his account, all previous thinkers and even the Saviour of mankind have failed; and while he could hardly be expected to feel the force of this adverse antecedent presumption, it is a little remarkable that he does not see that his criticisms of other systems are equally applicable to his own. That system proceeds upon the basis of the physical and psychological fact that associated human beings entertain conflicting opinions; and that the doubt which difference produces, implies that men are trying to harmonise them. The fact that men *are* trying to harmonise conflicting wills is the basis of the inference that they *ought* to try. We should try perhaps to realise the Universal Will—whatever that may mean: but Dr. Royce must see that his new gospel is also only another attempt to found "the lofty Ought upon the paltry Is."

'Ethics first, Theology afterward' is not as good a rule as it seems. First truths are not like stones in a muddy crossing, that we step on one at a time: or if they are, it is because they are equally good for either direction. Morals and Religion are closely related, but they rest on separate intuitions; and we can argue from either to the other. Hence in seeking the moral ideal it is hard to keep clear of Theology. Consider man as a machine, and ask what he is for. There is but one answer: the glory of God. Kant was a poor theologian, but too good a thinker not to see this. To live for God's glory is therefore the highest motive. But a man's motive is

not the same as his end. What he wishes to do is not the same as why he wishes to do it. It may therefore still be asked, What ought man to desire? Dogmatic theologians and utilitarian philosophers are sometimes in strange fellowship, both finding the Good in an end outside of the individual Self. Utilitarians say, though they have had difficulty in proving their thesis, that the chief end of man is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Mr. Sidgwick thinks, however, that the duty of benevolence is intuitively known, and tries on this ground to carry Utilitarianism a step beyond Mill as Mill had carried it a step beyond Bentham. But in order to prove Utilitarianism, it must also be shown that the Desirable is Happiness. If Happiness be the desirable thing it may be said, 'Seek the happiness of others and you will thereby promote your own. Altruism is true Egoism. Let each member of the firm think of the other partners: that is the best way to secure a fortune for himself.' Suppose, however, that Moral Perfection is the Good? How then would the law of Benevolence work? Altruism will still be true Egoism, in a measure; but the world has little respect for the man who repents of other people's sins, and preaches purity to his neighbors without striving after self-improvement. But what is the relation between general Happiness as an objective fact and individual Benevolence as a subjective feeling? Is Benevolence a duty because it makes others happy, or do we make others happy because Benevolence is a duty? If the former, then Benevolence is simply a means to an end; and what is wanted is some intuition telling us that the maximum happiness of the world is the end to be realised: such an intuition we do not seem to have. If the latter, then the promotion of general happiness is simply the natural consequence following the intuitively given duty of Benevolence. And unless it can be shewn that Benevolence is the only duty intuitively known, and that all other duties are derived from it, men will ask why this virtue is taken as the moral ideal, and whether it would not be better to say at once that the ethical end is Perfection. Mr. Sidgwick does not seem to have succeeded in finding an intuitive basis for Utilitarianism.

Instead of finding the moral Ideal in an end outside of self others find it in self-realisation, which may take the form either of Happiness or Perfection. Insuperable difficulties encumber all forms of Hedonism; but if moral Perfection be taken as the end these difficulties disappear, and the elements of truth contained in other views are harmonised. The glory of God may be the supreme motive

with a man who makes his own moral perfection his end. A perfect being would love his fellow-beings and seek their welfare. What the perfect being would do the imperfect being ought to do. The Utilitarian end can thus be best realised by making Perfection the moral ideal. This view gives the desire for happiness its proper place also. Writers like Mr. Frederic Harrison say that Christianity makes men selfish; that Christians are looking for a soft place, with sweet music and no worry; and that they make up for their lack of worldliness by their other-worldliness. But this is true only to the extent that Christians do not have and are not taught to have a contempt for happiness. The Bible is not one-sided. It teaches us to seek the welfare of our neighbor, and some may think that Paul was a sort of religious Jeremy Bentham, but he was not. It tells men to be perfect as God is, but it does not present this ideal apart from all regard for personal happiness. Right might be obligatory, but it would not be operative, if there were no hereafter. And it would be impossible to believe that the good go to Hell and the wicked go to Heaven upon any other hypothesis than that the Devil rules the Universe. With Perfection as the Good the closest relation is also seen to exist between the Good and the Right. What we do at first by conforming to rule is done by-and-by instinctively. The Law, at first put before us as an external command, by-and-by becomes the internal principle of life. We realise the Good by conforming to the Right.

The Right and the Good are not mutually exclusive; though Dr. Calderwood and Dr. Martineau appear to think that the moralist must take his choice between them in seeking a corner-stone for his ethical structure. The Right does not supersede the Good; for along with a Rule defining conduct, there may be an unrealised Ideal directing and inspiring it. The Good is not subordinate to the Right; for holy character rather than right conduct is the ethical end. Nor should Right be subordinated to the Good. Dr. Hickok makes worthiness of spiritual approbation the end; right, therefore, is what is conducive to its attainment. But to make the ideas of Right and Good sustain the relation simply of means and end is to do injustice to the idea of Right as a separate and independent intuition. Janet protests strongly against Utilitarianism; but his system of "rational eudæmonism," as he calls it, is open to the same criticism: for he makes Happiness an important element

in his idea of the Good, and then says that a thing is right because it conduces to the Good. If happiness—no matter how refined or holy—be allowed to form part of the moral Ideal, it will always be hard to save the theory that embodies it from the general condemnation of Hedonism. This is the Achilles' heel in Dr. Hopkins's admirable treatise * at which Dr. McCosh aimed his glittering spear, in a friendly controversy carried on between these distinguished men about fifteen years ago.

In seeking to define the place occupied by the idea of Right in contemporary English ethics it is not necessary to deal with those writers who take an empirical view of moral ideas and with whom Right means what serves a purpose, what the State enjoins, or what ministers to general well-being. The larger class of moralists, however much they may differ in other respects, agree that the idea of Right is ultimate and unanalysable. They may differ regarding the question whether we know what is right, that is, whether the category has any content; but to the extent of the category at least, the larger number of professed ethical thinkers are intuitionalists. Mr. Sidgwick regards Benevolence as an intuition and seems to hold that the other virtues are so many minor premises subsumed under this major. This it should be said is very different from the position taken by those who say that all virtue is summed up in love. The latter view is held by men who would not hesitate to say that the cardinal virtues are known to be duties apart altogether from their being the natural outcome of Benevolence. If I love my neighbor I will not steal his watch; but the rightness of honesty does not depend upon the obligation of love. Love is the fulfilling of the law, but it is not the making of it.

Dr. Martineau does not agree with Mr. Sidgwick in reducing the area of intuitive morals to the duty of Benevolence; neither does Mr. Sidgwick agree with Dr. Martineau in making the judgment of Right terminate upon the rank of motives rather than upon actions. The relations of these two thinkers to each other present a very interesting phase of current ethical discussion; and so far as the point referred to is concerned, it is pretty safe to say that each is right in criticising the other, and that both are unsuccessful in their rejoinders. Dr. Martineau's position can be indicated in a single sentence. After giving a tabular view of the springs of action in an ascending order,

* *The Law of Love and Love as a Law.*

he says: "*Every action is* RIGHT *which in presence of a lower principle follows a higher: every action is* WRONG *which in presence of a higher principle follows a lower.*"

Other writers maintain that besides having the à priori idea of Right we know intuitively what is right. Dr. Calderwood holds that the Practical Reason gives us certain moral intuitions which, like the categories of the Speculative Reason, can neither be added to nor subtracted from, can neither be proved nor improved. It is easy to understand, therefore, what he means by saying that Conscience cannot be educated. If Conscience be defined as the power by which moral intuitions are known, in other words, as the Practical Reason, Dr. Calderwood is right. General usage however assigns to Conscience a much wider area; and of course if all moral judgments and feelings are included within the domain of Conscience, it will not do to say that it cannot be educated. After all, the connotation of the word 'conscience' is not a matter of fundamental importance. It will be very commonly agreed by those who do and those who do not maintain the educability of conscience that while certain moral categories may be given à priori the filling-up of these categories must be left to our judgment, and that herein there is room for error. What one misses in Dr. Calderwood and, indeed, in other intuitional moralists like him, is a full account of the à priori moral categories. How much intuitional morality have we to start with? This is what we want to know. If a complete list of moral intuitions were given, then, in order to find out what is right, it would be necessary to refer each proposed action to its proper intuition. The moralist's difficulty would then consist in proving empirically the minor premises in syllogisms whose major premises are intuitionally indicated. We know intuitively that we should love our neighbor, but what, in view of the growing complexity of life, the love of our neighbor would lead to is not self-evident; and in finding our answer to this question we may be led into a region of very difficult and complicated inquiry. There is great room, therefore, for what Professor Fowler calls "Progressive Morality" in the attainment of a better knowledge of what is implied in the relationships of life, and in the acquisition of a more sensitive and delicately adjusted conscience. And notwithstanding the fact that Rational Ethic has been supplemented by a Revealed Ethic there is, even in the latter, the same liability to erroneous judgments. The Bible states principles, such as we find, for example, in

St. Paul's doctrine of Expediency: but the application of these principles to concrete cases is often difficult; and sometimes the individual must be contented to reach decisions which, however binding upon his own conscience, cannot be made the law for others. Thus we are brought to the edge of that group of perplexing questions in practical ethics where so much must be left to the exercise of private judgment; and that cannot be satisfactorily discussed without recognising, within proper limits, the Autonomy of the Christian's Conscience. It does not fall within the scope of this paper to deal with the practical issues embraced in this topic. Suffice it to say that Theoretical and Practical Ethics cannot be separated by any hard and fast line; and that both stand in very close relation to Theology: though whether the latter point would be conceded by an ethical writer would depend very much upon the view he might have on the more general question concerning the Metaphysics of Ethics.

"Morality without Metaphysic" is the cry of a class of men who have discarded dogmatic Christianity and lost faith in God. They have no interest in the question whether the moral sentiments "did not all grow, were not once inchoate, embryo, dubious, and unformed."* In place of this they talk of "sweet reasonableness" and tell us until we are weary of it that "conduct is three-fourths of life." But we can escape metaphysics only by being shallow. We want to know what conduct is right, and what Right means? Janet says that short of Hedonism there is no way to deliver morals from metaphysics. And Principal Tulloch says: "At the root, Metaphysic and Theology are one and rest on the same basis; nay Morality in any true sense appears to rest on no other basis."† Far more worthy of consideration than Mr. Arnold and the school he represents are those who seek to discover the genesis of our moral sentiments in antecedent experience. They also repudiate Metaphysics: but in vain. For in spite of the equivocal epithets sometimes applied to their theories, they must in the last analysis confess that they are Materialists, or else, under the name of Force or the Unknowable, they must invest the power that lies behind phenomena with psychical or "quasi-psychical" attributes. Mr. Fiske has recently made known where he chooses to stand. He is an

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* *Literature and Dogma*, p. 27.

† *Christian Doctrine of Sin*, p. 17.

empirical evolutionist but he believes in the immortal soul and the living God; and holds that "from the first dawning of life we see all things working together toward one mighty goal, the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities that characterise Humanity."* Here again we come to Metaphysics: Mind and Thought are evolved, because Mind and Thought are attributes of the Unknowable. From this view of evolution which lays stress upon the physical Fact in phenomena, it is easy to pass to that view of evolution that lays stress upon the Idea that gives shape and sequence to phenomena. Hence in spite of the opposition between the materialistic and the idealistic evolutionists, there is or may be also a close affinity between them. Taking Mr. Fiske as a fair interpreter of the former school it would be safe to say that Spencer is simply Hegel upside down.

The empirical and the intuitional positions regarding the origin of moral ideas are far apart and Principal Tulloch well says: "According to the one side morality can never be anything but an idealisation of brute instincts however its origin may be specially explained; according to the other side, it is the revelation within man of a spiritual sphere—a life above him." † But men are asking whether these conceptions may not be harmonised; and it is not improbable that some are turning with interest to the new Hegelianism because they think that it will enable them to place an empirical interpretation upon the facts of the phenomenal world without sacrificing the rational and spiritual elements of their nature, which, as the more thoughtful minds are beginning to see, are not only valuable for their own sake but are the necessary conditions and postulates of empiricism itself. Whether this be so or not, this type of apologetic is finding increased expression in books of which Dr. Caird's *Philosophy of Religion* may be taken as a specimen.

Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics* is the ablest discussion in our language of ethical problems considered from the stand-point of post-Kantian idealism. A knowledge of this book is indispensable to a complete knowledge of the present state of philosophical opinion in this department. Whether one agree with the author or not in his metaphysics of knowledge he must admit the fairness, patience and logical power with which he handles the difficult problems discussed in this volume. He fights the Intuitionalist's battle against the Utilitarian and the Hedonist. His discussion of the Will is one of the most

* *The Destiny of Man*, p. 13.

† *Modern Theories in Philosophy and Religion*, p. 252.

profound contributions to the literature of this difficult theme. He treats of the relation between pleasure in the attainment of the Good and pleasure as the Good to be attained; and handles the subject with rare power of discrimination. His tone is serious and decidedly religious; and, in his affirmation both of the finite and the infinite Self as distinct from Nature, he occupies theistic ground. It is true that he grounds the existence of the finite self in a metaphysic that makes knowledge a matter of relations and phenomenal existence real only as known. Nature exists only as known, and because it would exist even though the empirical Ego did not exist to know it, there must be an infinite Ego to whom the universe stands related as the object of Knowledge. God thus becomes the necessary alternative to one who will not or cannot believe that he alone exists. The reader of Green will have good reason for declining to accept his metaphysics of knowledge: though up to this point it would be possible to hold it without any serious sacrifice of theistic positions. When, however, instead of making our finite personality the mark of essential and substantial distinction between God and the soul, Green goes on to identify the two and to affirm that the finite self is a modification or manifestation of the Infinite Self, it is easy to see that we are far on the road toward the post-Kantian Pantheism and that it is time to dismiss our guide. Fortunately for us at this juncture the services of Dr. Martineau are available. The publication of his work is a most opportune event. Nowhere is he more satisfactory than in his affirmation of an unmistakable Theism as the basis of authoritative Ethics. It is to be hoped that men will heed his words. If Morality is to live it must have the living God behind it.

FRANCIS L. PATTON.

THE JUST SCALES.

THE idea of Balance or Evenness is one of the root-ideas of mankind. Like many other root-ideas, it rests on a physical basis, or rather it is expressed in terms taken from the physical world.

Glance then, first of all, at the balance as a measuring standard in the world of matter.

For weight it is, not bulk, which is the true measure of matter. For example: the quantity of matter in a gold ingot is not measured by the space it occupies when beaten out, but by the weight it balances when put in the scales. Bulk you can expand or contract as you please; but weight is, so to speak, the thing itself.

Recall now the immense importance of weight in the realm of physics. For instance: how constant and controlling a factor in physical science is the principle of "specific gravity!" Again: the theories of force, motion, machinery, etc., ultimately rest on the conception of weight. Again: chemistry, including such principles and processes as atomic weight, definite proportions, combining equivalents, quantitative analysis, etc., is eminently a science of weights. Mr. Lewes, in tenderly accounting for Goethe's "unfortunate studies in optics," declares the balance to be the instrument which rescues chemistry from rough guess-work, and elevates it into the possibility of a science. His words are as follows: "Without the delicate control of the balance, chemical experiment can never become quantitative; and without quantitative knowledge there can be no physical science strictly so called, but only qualitative, *i. e.*, approximate knowledge. No amount of observation will render observation precise unless it can be measured. You may watch falling bodies for an eternity, but mere watching will yield no law of gravitation. You may mix acids and alkalies together with prodigality; but no amount of experiment will yield the secret of their composition if you have flung away the balance. Goethe flung away the balance."*

Once more gravitation itself, arresting the centrifugal forces, and holding the rushing worlds in majestic equilibrium; what is it but a synonym for universal weight? In view of this transcendent

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* *Life and Works of Goethe.* By G. H. Lewes, Book V., Chap. X.

importance of weight in physics, how sublime the prophet's conception of the Creator as poising the clouds, weighing the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, and counting the nations as the small dust of the balance! *

Let me now allude to that which concerns us most in our daily business life, namely, money. Metallic currency is emphatically an affair of the balance. It has been so from primitive times. On the earlier Egyptian monuments are representations of the public weigher balancing metallic rings (the then current money) against the standard weight, and a notary making official record. When Abraham bought of Ephron, the Hittite, the cave of Machpelah for a burial-place, he weighed to him four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant. † In fact, every system of coinage was originally a system of weights. For example: the Jewish "shekel" meant "weight;" the Greek "talent" meant "balance;" the Roman "libra" (compare the French 'livre," the Italian "lira," etc.) meant "scales;" the English "pound" (*pondus*, compare "penny-weight") meant "weight." It is still the custom of English banks, when paying out large quantities of sovereigns or receiving them on deposit, to estimate them, not by counting them, but by weighing them before the customer. The balance is still the prime instrument in every mint. Indeed, this conception of the balance is so universal and dominating that it has passed beyond the limits of physical weighing, and re-appears in such figurative expressions as these: "balancing accounts," "balance on hand," "balance overdrawn," "balance-sheet," "balance of trade," "balance of power," "scaling down the debt," "paying the stipend," "a fair compensation," "recompense of reward," "pondering results," "preponderating influence," "weighing consequences," "I will yet be even with him," etc.

And so we pass, secondly, from the physical meaning of the term "balance" to the moral meaning. Glance, first, at the moral meaning of the balance in coinage. Let me illustrate from a Hebrew usage. The Jewish unit of value or standard weight was the shekel, the very word meaning weight. It is a significant fact that this standard weight was a sacred standard, to be kept by the priests in the sanctuary for reference: "All thy estimations shall be according to the shekel of the sanctuary." ‡ In like manner Justinian decreed

* Isaiah, xl. 12, 15. † Genesis, xxiii. 16. ‡ Leviticus, xxvii. 25.

that standards of weights should be kept in Christian churches. The very word "money" itself probably comes from the Latin *Moneta*, a surname of Juno, in whose temple at Rome money was coined. Dean Stanley describes the English "Treasury" thus: "In the Eastern Cloister (of the Abbey) is an ancient double door, which can never be opened, except by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, bearing seven keys, some of them of huge dimensions, that alone could admit to the chamber within. That chamber, which belongs to the Norman substructions underneath the Dormitory, is no less than the Treasury of England—a grand word, which, whilst it conveys us back to the most primitive times, is yet big with the destinies of the present and the future; that institution, which is now the keystone of the Commonwealth, of which the Prime Minister is the 'First Lord,' the Chancellor of the Exchequer the administrator, and which represents the wealth of the wealthiest nation in the world; that sacred building, which guarded the Box or Pyx containing the Standard Trial Pieces of gold and silver used for determining the justness of the gold and silver coins of the realm issued from the Royal Mint." *

Does not all this hint that we instinctively believe that money, representing as it does our dearest interests because serving as the medium of human exchanges and the basis of daily bread, is an eminently sacred thing, the standard of which must be religiously maintained in absolute integrity? That there has always been a strong temptation to tamper with the monetary standard is evident from the frequent ancient warnings against deceitful scales, that is, dishonest money. For example: "Just balances, just weights, shall ye have." "Thou shalt not have in thy bag divers weights, a great and a small: a perfect and just weight shalt thou have: that thy days may be long upon the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee." A "false balance is an abomination to Jehovah, but a just weight is his delight." "A just balance and scales are Jehovah's; all the weights of his bag are his work" (that is, the standard is divine). "He is a trafficker, the balances of deceit are in his hand, he loveth to oppress." "Are there yet the treasures of wickedness in the house of the wicked, and the scant measure that is abominable? Shall I be pure with wicked balances, and with a bag of deceitful weights?" †

* Abridged from Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 427–432.

† Lev. xix. 36; Deut. xxv. 13–16; Prov. xi. 1; xvi. 11; xx. 10, 23; Ezek. xlv. 10; Hos. xii. 7; Mic. vi. 10–12, etc.

Do not imagine that these homely warnings of ancient Palestinians against dishonest money are not needed in this Christian land. Let me apply them to a single instance of "false scales," or "deceitful weights," to wit, our current silver dollar. Not that I propose to discuss it as a fiscal question; I simply propose to test it in the moral balance. The gold dollar is our standard unit of value, our "shekel of the sanctuary, according to which all our estimations are to be made."* Government declares the gold dollar to be worth one hundred cents; and Government tells a truth; for that is the actual worth of the gold dollar. Government declares the Bland dollar to be also worth one hundred cents; and Government tells a lie: for it is worth only, say, eighty cents. For it is important to note that the silver dollar differs from the paper dollar chiefly in this respect: while the latter is simply a piece of paper on which Government has printed a promise, the former has, in addition to the Government stamp, a metallic value of its own; in fact, it is just because silver, like gold, has its own metallic value, that the duel of the standards is being fought. Now, when Government decrees that a "fiat" dollar, or a silver coin worth eighty cents, shall be, so to speak, qualitatively equivalent to the standard dollar, or a gold coin worth one hundred cents, Government does as absurd and impossible a thing, morally speaking, as it would were it to decree that three pecks of wheat shall be quantitatively equivalent to four pecks, or a bushel. In brief, Government, in coining the Bland dollar, virtually proclaims this arithmetical equation: 80=100. It is a genuine instance of the forbidden "divers weights," where, if I may so say, the silver scale of twelve ounces troy is forced to balance the gold scale of sixteen ounces avoirdupois. This dishonest coinage, if persisted in, will sooner or later, according to the retributive law of inflation, plunge the nation into a financial catastrophe. What the American people needs is to have the shekel of the sanctuary, or the moral scales, set up in the Capitol. If Congress would add some grains of a scruple to our silver dollar, Congress would not be so unscrupulous. Then the legend, "*In God we trust*," would not be so sanctimonious.

Secondly: The moral meaning of the balance in trade. For that alone is an honest bargain in which both seller and buyer are equally benefited, the scale of the one poising the scale of the other. "A fair exchange is no robbery," because a fair exchange is an inter-

* Leviticus, xxvii. 25.

change of equal weights. Glance at some instances of "divers weights" or "deceitful scales." First, misrepresentations on the part of the seller;—misrepresentations sometimes direct, as when he suggests what is false; sometimes indirect, as when he suppresses what is true. It is curious to observe in passing that, while the ancients cheated chiefly in quantity, making the ephah small and the shekel great,* we moderns cheat chiefly in quality, as when we adulterate textiles with shoddy, or butter with oleomargarine. I suspect that qualitative lying is even worse than quantitative. Again: misrepresentations on the part of the buyer. As long ago as the time of Solomon, this modern habit was in vogue: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."† This vulgar habit of beating down the price of articles is a two-edged sword. When a buyer goes into a store to buy a piece of goods, and undertakes to beat down the price, not because he thinks it unfair, but simply because he likes to beat down, and succeeds in his attempt, he thinks he is "smart." But the seller has been smarter; for, knowing his customer's habit, he put his first price high enough to bear the depression. The trouble is, that both buyer and seller have been using divers weights, a great and a small: each talking avoirdupois for the other, but meaning troy; each talking troy for himself, but meaning avoirdupois. How constantly every buyer has to be on the alert lest he be taken in by "the short ton!"

Thirdly: The moral meaning of the balance in wages. For capital and labor are the opposite scales in the balance of society, and should be in constant equilibrium. In fact, the very meaning of the word "compensate" (from *con* and *pendere*, compare "re-compense") is to equalize one thing with another by weighing; to compensate is to balance. That, then, is a just compensation or fair wage when the weight in the laborer's scale equals the weight in the employer's scale, both weights referring of course to the same definite piece of work. The conscientious capitalist, when engaging laborers, will not ask: "What is the current wage for this kind of labor? how cheaply can I get this work done?" But he will ask: "What is this labor morally worth? what is the just thing for me to pay?" One of the most cheering signs of the times in the great battle between labor and capital is the growing disposition of employers to share net profits with their employees. Pray, why should they not? For, were there

* Amos, viii. 5.

† Prov., xx. 14.

no laborers, where would be the capitalist's profits? This very day I saw in my morning journal a paragraph which I gladly transcribe:

"HARTFORD, *January* 19.—James G. Batterson, President of the New England Granite Company, has instructed the Superintendent that in all orders executed during 1886, capital and labor, in proportion to the amounts or values contributed by each, shall share in the net profits." He adds: "When the net profits are determined, the entire amount is to be divided into three parts—one for labor, one for capital, and one as a guarantee fund, to which fund shall be charged all losses by bad debts or credits given for materials and labor during the year. The dividend to labor shall be the first paid, and no officer, superintendent, overseer, clerk, agent, or other employee drawing a salary, or any contractor or sub-contractor, will participate in this labor dividend. Unless discharged for misconduct, the employee will receive his proportionate dividend, no matter in what part of the world he may be, or in whose employ, when dividend time arrives." Mr. Batterson further says: "My purpose is, if possible, to secure a community of interest which shall be recognized and admitted to be fair and equitable, claiming no more for capital than is sufficient to hold it in such employment and giving the balance to labor."

The editor of an influential religious journal, the *National Baptist*, also announces that whatever profits shall have accrued in his establishment during 1886, he will share them proportionately with every one of his employees.

Such items are refreshing; for they indicate that the scales of employer and employee are gradually approaching equipoise. May the day swiftly come when this shall be true of every store, shop, factory, bank, railway company, corporation, etc., in our land. God forbid that America should any longer deserve the prophet's reproof: "Hear this, O ye that would swallow up the needy, and cause the poor of the land to fail, saying, When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat? making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and dealing falsely with balances of deceit; that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes, and sell the refuse of the wheat." *

Fourthly: The moral meaning of the balance in property. For

* Amos, viii. 4, 6.

man has a right to ownership. I enter into no question about the origin of property or the basis of property. I only assert that man has a right to property, that is, to owning. In fact, society, in any large sense of the term, cannot long exist as society without the birth of property. Moreover, property differentiates men. The very raising of the question "mine" and "thine" individualizes men, giving them personal characteristics and personal responsibilities. And this leads to the remark that, while men have a right to property, they have a right to it only as trustees of God, charged by him with administering his intrustment for the benefit of the community. Nor is there need of expanding this point: for it was felicitously treated in the article entitled "The Christian Conception of Property" in the last number of THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. Enough in this connection that I say that a chief function of riches is to enrich the poor. Over against Proudhon's famous dictum:—"*La propriété, c'est le vol*," we venture the dictum:—Property is a divine means of equity. God has appointed the rich to be his trustees for the poor, the poor to be the wards of the rich. The bosoms of the poor are the rich man's real coffers. Nor is there in this any communism, except in the noble sense of this perverted word. The true socialism is not a statute, but a spirit; not a screw, but a flow; not a vast Sahara of dry monotony, but a vast compensation of mountain and valley, keeping the waters under the firmament and the waters above the firmament in everlasting equipoise. Let the moral scales be accurately adjusted in property, and the miracle of the manna will be renewed: "He that gathered much had nothing over; and he that gathered little had no lack." *

Fifthly: The moral meaning of the balance in society; that is, humanity. How happily St. Paul illustrates this idea in his elaborate parable of the bodily organism: "The body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members each one of them in the body, even as it pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now they are many members,

* Exodus, xvi. 18; 2 Corinthians, viii. 15.

but one body. And the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more, those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary: and those parts of the body which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness; whereas our comely parts have no need: but God tempered the body together, giving more abundant honor to that part which lacked; that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it." *

The sage has never risen who has stated the philosophy of sociology so profoundly. It is only when we conceive mankind as one vast "body," having all its organs or "members" in co-ordination and reciprocal action, that we get the key to the problem of Society. It is just because we conceive society as a mechanical structure rather than as a physiological organism, that we resort to legislation rather than to sympathy in order to mend its woes. For society, it must be confessed, is shockingly out of equilibrium. How, then, shall we restore the equipoise? By resorting to God's own method of tempering the body together, giving special honor to the part which lacks: removing, so to speak, the obstructions in the circulatory system, and equalizing the flow of the life-blood throughout the social organism; setting the members of the body in compensation, adjusting hand and foot, eye and ear, in an equipoise of counterweights. Let me specify, in a sort of sample-way, what the moral scales will do when balanced in society. Of course, you will say that my suggestions are Utopian; but the Utopias of to-day are the realities of to-morrow. The appeal to the balance, or the sense of moral equilibrium, will broaden each man's horizon, reminding him that he is not so much one of the many units of society as he is a fraction of the one social unity, and must therefore look to the things of others as well as to his own things; in other words, love his neighbor as himself.† Again: the appeal to the balance will prompt every one to be impartial, bidding him to treat others by the same rule by which he treats himself, forbidding him to carry in his bag divers weights, one for the poor and one for the rich, as is done, for in-

* 1 Corinthians, xii. 14–27.

† Philippians, ii. 4.

stance, when the usage of some churches compels the usher to have respect of persons, bidding him say to the man with a gold ring and in goodly apparel, Sit thou here in a good place; but to the poor man in vile raiment, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool.* Again: the appeal to the balance will tend to equalize the blessings and opportunities of life, prompting, for example, the owner of two coats to impart one of them to him who has no coat at all.† Again: the appeal to the balance will tend to settle disputes, whether international, or mercantile, or personal, by arbitration, submitting the question, not to the capricious fortunes of war or of litigation, but to the equitable decision of the scales. Again: the appeal to the balance will tend to make the blessings of Christianity the common possession of mankind, impelling each Christian to feel that the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" in his own scale makes him a glad "debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish.‡ In brief, the appeal to the balance will tend to reduce the moral inequalities of society to a gracious equation, exalting the valleys of poverty, levelling the mountains of opulence, straightening the twists of injustice, smoothing the roughnesses of misfortune: thus preparing in the wilderness the way of Jehovah, and levelling in the desert a high way for our returning God.§ The golden-rule itself: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—what is it but humanity's colossal balance?

Lastly: The moral meaning of the balance in character. And this is our most important point; for here it is, in the last analysis, that the moral balance has its primal and its final oscillation. And in weighing our own characters we need to use great caution; for we approach the scales obliquely, under stress of self-bias. In fact, it is this habit of using divers weights when we make moral estimates of ourselves and of others that makes us more than just to ourselves and less than just to them. Accordingly, in weighing our own characters, we must perpetually guard against the secret overweight of an instinctive self-bias. The wise man understood this, and hence his proverb: "He that pleadeth his cause first seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him out;" ‖ that is to say, the suitor makes out a good case for himself, until his opponent comes and

* James, ii. 1–3.
† Luke, iii. 1-3.
‡ Romans, i. 14.
§ Isaiah, xl. 3–5.
‖ Proverbs, xviii. 17.

shows that the question has another side. In making moral estimates of ourselves, then, we must remember the rule, *Audi alteram partem.* And the conscientious man will ever and anon weigh himself. One of the most impressive scenes in the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead" is the judgment picture, representing the weighing of souls: Osiris sits enthroned in the hall of Perfect Justice; the dead man is introduced into his presence by Thmei (Truth) herself; seated above in a long row are the forty-two assessors of the dead, summoned to testify for or against him; Thoth (god of intelligence) stands by with papyrus-scroll and reed-pen to register the result; Horus (symbol of the new life) holds and directs a gigantic pair of scales; in the one scale is placed the heart of the dead man, in the other scale the weight symbolizing perfect truth; the decision of the scales assigns to the soul its irrevocable destiny. It was the heathen presentiment of a diviner weighing: "Jehovah is a God of knowledge, and by him actions are weighed; Jehovah pondereth the hearts."* No false balances or divers weights are his. "Hear, O house of Israel; Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?"† In fact, what is "iniquity" itself but un-equity, moral unequalness, a disturbed equilibrium? And the holy God himself—what is he but all infinite virtues and powers in absolute and eternal equipoise; so that he is in very truth the God of peace, aye, Peace itself. And the infinite God weighs with infinite exactness. Himself the centre of gravity, the balance pivoted on him has an infinite sensibility. The infinitesimal vibration of an atom, beyond the ken of seraphic keenness, is as perceptible to God as the libration of a star. May none of us share in the failure of the king of Babylon: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."‡ May all of us share in the sacred confidence of the emir of Uz: "Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know my integrity."§ So, when the judgment-scales are brought forth, and the Just One weighs us, we shall be found, through infinite grace, meeting the full weight, even the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.‖

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* 1 Samuel, i. 2, 3; Proverbs, xxi. 2.
† Ezekiel, xviii. 25.
‡ Daniel, v. 27.
§ Job, xxxi. 6.
‖ Ephesians, iv. 13.

FEDERAL AID IN EDUCATION.

TWO things are assumed in this paper: That universal manhood suffrage is a necessary part of our republican scheme of government, and that this suffrage must be intelligently exercised. Whatever other conditions are essential, as that the ballot must be free, and that it must be pure, no one denies that the voter should be able to read his ballot and know for what he casts it.

In all the States of the Union there are illiterate voters; in most of the States, however, these are so few compared to the whole number that they are not a source of danger, and besides, they are gradually transferred to the majority by means of the free schools, and the sharp competition of life in a free society which requires some education for success. But in all of the States lately in rebellion a large proportion of the voters, and in some of them a majority, are illiterate. In this state of things, where a majority or a large proportion of the voters cannot read or write, it goes without saying that suffrage cannot be intelligently exercised. One of two things will happen: either that the voting is dictated by a few men who get the leadership, or that it cannot maintain itself in the field, and ceases to be a determining force. In our experience of the freedmen's vote in the late rebel States, we are now in the second of these two stages. It was argued by the promoters of the reconstruction measures, which gave the ballot without any education qualification, that the ballot is an education in itself; that it is a lever that would lift up the ignorant mass into intelligent citizenship. There was some reason in this expectation, for the mere right to vote is a stimulus to the voter to know how to vote in order to get what he wants. But, as a matter of fact, this expectation has not been realized with regard to the freedmen.

As this paper purposes to deal only with existing facts, and without prejudice or recrimination to seek a remedy for acknowledged evils which concern every citizen of the Union, it is necessary to inquire why this expectation failed. We know that to-day in several States, whose representation in Congress has been greatly augmented by the enfranchisement of the negro, that representation is not chosen by a majority vote of the electors, and that in others the new voters

are powerless to effect any result. It is needless to say that this is a mockery of the theory of our republican majority rule. In many broad sections of the South, the negro, often deceived, still ignorant, having seen that it makes little difference with his condition whether he votes or not, abstains. And looking at the situation from his point of view, and his political environment, it is not at all probable that he will ever come into the full enjoyment of his political and civil rights until he is intelligent enough to demand them. And when he has that intelligence, he will see that these rights are exactly those, no more and no less, of all citizens, and his political action will neither be "solid" nor dangerous.

Strictly speaking, this negro suffrage—for of all illiterate voting that is now the most dangerous—is a State question. It becomes a national question in two ways. First, in that already referred to, the matter of representation in Congress; and, second, in the inevitable interest that each State in a federal union has in the welfare of every other. A large, ignorant proletariat is a danger in any government; it is an especial menace in a free State where it is armed with powers it is too ignorant to exercise legitimately. If the majority of the people of the State of Mississippi were lapsing away from civilization, but were more and more conscious of physical power, and were worked upon by a blind sense of injustice, and inflamed by superstitions, the local danger to the State would immediately concern every other member of the Union. And this danger is not fanciful.

There are those who say that this Southern problem of the suffrage will work itself out in the slow adjustments of relations, and that time is the only remedy. There are others who say that the late slave-owners take the position that the Government, having freed the slaves and made them voters, has now the responsibility of educating them, and that, so long as this spirit is manifested, the States where it exists should be left to work out their own ruin or their own salvation. The assumption of the existence of this spirit to any considerable extent is unwarranted; but let us look for a moment at these two suggestions and their kindred.

Time is usually essential in national evolution and regeneration. But in this case we have begun to force evolution, many will say, unnaturally; we have precipitated a crisis, and we cannot now wait for a slow development. We freed the slave by a stroke of the pen; we enfranchised him in a day; and if we do not now hasten to complete

the work by making him fit for his new position, we not only leave him in a helpless condition and one of vast injustice, but we put an unexampled strain upon republican institutions. We are dealing with millions of men—with a great race uncivilized, suddenly called to exercise the most delicate duties of a civilized people—that is, self-government. We cannot with either honor or safety stop in the middle of such an undertaking.

But this is not all. This is an undertaking that must either go forward vigorously or it will retrograde. The negro race in the South, without powerful aid from some quarter, will not advance in civilization. The question is not here raised whether the negro as a race is capable of high civilization. We are committed to the affirmative. Unless it is, we may expect a monumental degradation and calamity in a large part of the fairest portion of the United States. The Republic of Hayti, as it appears in an unprejudiced study of that country by Sir Spencer St. John, for twelve years British Consul-General at Port-au-Prince, and now special envoy to Mexico, is not only retrograding into barbarism, with an increase of Voudou worship and the practice of cannibalism, but in its inhabitants, "in spite of all the civilizing elements around them, there is a distinct tendency to sink into the state of an African tribe." History offers no instance of a negro race rising to civilization, and it is generally admitted that such a result is not to be expected by any process of self-development. In the United States the primal conditions for this race's advance are favorable, and there is most encouraging sporadic progress; but this depends upon white aid. Wherever the negro is left to himself (and he shows an increasing reluctance here, as in Hayti, to accept the influence of the whites), as in some of the "black" counties of Virginia, and in large portions of the Gulf States, he is reverting to barbarism. In some places his intellectual and moral condition is no better, and occasionally it is worse, in the mass, than it was in slavery. It is intolerable that this should be so.

If it were true that the South is indifferent to the removal of illiteracy, black or white, that would be one of the facts to be considered by the States in dealing with this subject, and an argument for outside aid. It is not true. Remembering that before the war the idea of the common-school system, as it existed at the North, was not entertained at the South and not desired, the revolution in laws and in public opinion in the last twenty years is marvellous. Whether every State is doing all it can for popular education may be doubted,

but every State is doing much more than could reasonably have been expected considering all the circumstances. There is a limit beyond which people will not submit to taxation for education, and that fact must be recognized. Doubtless if Massachusetts would devote to education all the money spent in it by its citizens on tea, whiskey, and tobacco, its schools would be immensely improved. Will not is can not, in the popular rule. And, speaking of things practically, the States lately in rebellion cannot deal promptly and effectively with their heavy mass of illiteracy.

This illiteracy is a danger, local and national. The afflicted States are doing what they can; many of them cannot for years to come grapple with it. Whence shall the aid come? Private charity has been lavished. The schools endowed and sustained, wholly or in part, by the money of philanthropists have been of immense service. In a long series of years these might leaven the whole lump, and the educational system of the South be developed materially and wholesomely. But the untaught millions in mass cannot wait this slow process. Political reasons forbid such a delay; justice forbids it; the danger of a reversion to barbarism forbids it. We are driven then to consider the constitutionality and the expediency of Federal aid.

There are the gravest objections to this, so grave that if the necessity of some extraordinary assistance were not vital, a resort to the Federal Government ought not to be thought of for a moment. The expediency of a wholesale charity is always doubtful. Such is the infirmity of human nature that charity almost always damages and enfeebles those who receive it. Men prize only what they work for, they are benefited only by that. It is as true of a community as of a man. No greater calamity could befall the individual States of this Union than a dependence on the Federal Government for their public money. It would be much better for the school system of the South to develop itself unaided. Nevertheless, the world does not go on the *laissez faire* principle, and it is probably best for us all that it does not. While fully recognizing the danger of charity in this matter, the real question is whether the danger of abstaining is not greater. The negro voter must be speedily educated; the generation coming on cannot be left to grow up in ignorance; it is not a question of the best development of schools, but of any.

If such aid is expedient as a national necessity, has the Federal Government the power to give it? Under such a scheme as that

devised in what is familiarly called the "Blair Bill," in the United States Senate, the answer must be unhesitatingly—no. As a device for distributing sixty-five millions of dollars to the several States and Territories on the basis of illiteracy (large sums to go to States that have not the least need of them and to which they would be a curse), it is only a measure of extreme folly. But as a scheme for the creation of a new Federal bureau and an interference with the rights and duties of individual States, it is a monstrous proposal. This is not strong language to use in regard to a scheme which is a long step toward the destruction of that which gives our Government its peculiar quality of elasticity and stability, and distinguishes it from all other governments.

Since the adoption of the Constitution there have been plenty of prophets to predict that the nice adjustment of State and Federal relations could not continue; that the Union must either go to pieces in its extension of dominion over a continent by centrifugal State action, or that it must become a centralized government, the States being merely geographical expressions. Every human government is in continual oscillation between one extreme and another —king and nobility against commons, people and king against aristocracy, and so on. We have our oscillation also, now toward a loose federation, and now toward absolute centralization, and it is necessary for the preservation of our peculiar government for the patriot to throw his weight first on one side and then on the other. The theory in Mr. Jefferson's resolutions of 1798, involving State nullification of Federal law and the right of withdrawal, has just been fought out. The power of the Federal Government to maintain its existence is demonstrated, and it is not likely that its right to do so will be questioned for another century. The danger now is on the other side. This demonstration of Federal power has tended to dwarf the importance of the States, and to induce citizens to look to the central Government for everything. Many of those lately fighting for the right of State secession have become the most importunate in invoking Federal aid and interference in the affairs of the States; and it has become necessary for those who lately did battle for the Union now to hold up their shields and defend the rights of other States—the constitutionally defined sovereignty of the States. And the most dangerous attack on State vitality, State duties, State privileges, is precisely such an interference in State matters as this contemplated in the Blair Bill; it is more dangerous

than the proposal to adjust the number of United States Senators on the basis of State populations, because it is an indirect attack and can plead a good object.

The necessity of the education of the new voters is so apparent and pressing, and so beyond the ability of the afflicted States, that many good men are willing to disregard the plain constitutional limitations in order to effect this education, while others persuade themselves that they find authority for it in a technical interpretation of the "general welfare" clause and the "guarantee of a republican form of government" clause. But whatever authority for stretching the Federal prerogative can be wrested out of these verbal interpretations, there is not a man of intelligence who does not know that the spirit of the whole instrument is violated by any measure that weakens this manly vigor and self-dependence and self-government of the States. This has been so thoroughly demonstrated that, if we had the space, it is not necessary to argue it. There can be no sort of doubt that for the general Government to interfere with the police of the States, with the care of paupers and insane, with town roads, with town or State schools, is an invasion of the well-understood, legitimate State rights.

Is there, then, any way in which the Federal Government can aid education in the "reconstructed" States without establishing a dangerous precedent, and with a minimum of risk? If, when the reconstruction measures were enforced, schools had been established and maintained by Federal aid as a necessary corollary of sudden enfranchisement of the ignorant, there could have been little criticism of the act. It would have been excused, in the phraseology of the day, as a "war measure." But now that so many years have passed, and the States have resumed their full constitutional autonomy, it is said that it is too late for this.

Why, if it might once have been done, is it too late? The necessity is the same; nay, by reason of certain political and social action, the necessity is greater and more clearly apparent. The States most needing education can not or will not (it comes to the same thing) meet the urgent demand.

The remedy that we propose, and it is suggested with diffidence, is based solely upon the overwhelming necessity of the case. The evil assumes the dignity of a national calamity, a calamity like the breaking of all the levees on the Mississippi River, like a flood on the Ohio causing disaster beyond the power of the bordering States

to cope with, or, let us say, a pestilence which should devastate a State, only to be relieved by extraordinary means. Let us roughly sketch a measure that seems to us open to the least objections.

The preamble of the bill extending aid should distinctly recite that it is given in an unprecedented national emergency, as a part of the reconstruction measures, and that it should not establish a precedent.

A gift of money, out and out, should be made to each State named, the amount to be determined by its illiteracy, yearly, for say ten years, but only to the "reconstructed" States, and to no border State except Virginia.

The clauses of the bill giving a definite sum to each State would need to be minutely drawn, prescribing the number of common schools to be kept within each county or district, during so many months in the year, and at not less than such and such distances apart.

Attendance of all children of the school age should be made compulsory.

In the schools thus aided only the elementary branches should be taught.

The school money should be apportioned and specifically distributed, under continual inspection, by the central State authority, which should also select and assign the teachers.

Each State receiving this gift should be required to make and publish every year a full report, which would be sufficient information to all concerned, stating exactly how the money had been spent, how many schools were kept up, and how many scholars were in habitual attendance in each.

These conditions should all be made *conditions precedent* to the receipt of the gift and its continuance. Upon the official notification of any State to the Secretary of the Treasury that the gift was accepted under these conditions as to its use, he should be authorized to pay over to that State the sum set apart.

This is the rough draft of a scheme which extends the needed aid with the least possible Federal interference in State affairs. The State is free to accept or reject; if it accepts under the conditions precedent, it makes the act its own, and is alone responsible for the spending of the money. It creates no Federal bureau or Federal trustees, and permits no interference of any Federal official in States affairs. What is the guarantee, then, that the money will be spent for

the purpose intended? There is the provision, as a condition precedent, for a yearly report published to all the world; further than this there is none except the honor of the State. Is not this enough? If you were to ask a self-respecting citizen of New York or Connecticut if he would willingly submit to a Federal inspector of schools in his State, or to any, the slightest, Federal interference in the use of school money, he would promptly answer no. Why should we ask or expect South Carolina to do it? If aid is offered at all, let it be offered ungrudgingly and with faith in the honor of a free State.

It may be necessary to define what is meant by the elementary branches, since this phrase may have different interpretations in communities of different degrees of intelligence and learning. By common consent, reading, writing, and arithmetic are the tools which make possible every other mental acquisition. Perhaps geography, which has a new reason for being taught in these days of interdependence owing to increasing intercommunication, should also be taught. Further than furnishing this necessary basis for intelligent political action, it is doubtful if any central State authority should ever go. Further than this in the case of Federal aid for a special emergency it clearly should not go.

The reasons for making the State the distributor of the money, the overseer of its specific use, and the selector of the teachers, need only be stated. The States to receive this money have not the town system, and with the present populations and traditions, it cannot be created in them. The Northern common-school system cannot be the model in this case, and perhaps those most familiar with the interior working of it in school districts would not wish to see it adopted elsewhere without change. It must be confessed that it has some practical defects that cause anxiety, and which already suggest the necessary interference of a central authority, which shall secure more uniformity and higher qualifications in the teachers. It is notorious that owing to carelessness or to incompetence in the inhabitants of school districts, or owing to favoritism on the part of school trustees and visitors, who are selected by political action, a large number of the common schools are most imperfectly taught by persons unqualified for the task.

The State is responsible for the judicious use of this money; it, and it alone, can enforce school attendance. At the State capital is concentrated, annually at least, the best thought and intelligence as well

as the power of the State. There, and there alone, can be found the necessary information and wisdom for the selection of the teachers, and there only can be set up a uniform standard of qualifications. The examinations for teachers would be held at various points convenient to applicants, but they must be made by a central, responsible board.

It is not to be supposed that such a county as Amelia, in Virginia, for instance, or other large districts similarly situated, which might be named, acting in this matter by a majority of voters, would profitably spend the money appropriated, or choose teachers who were fit either in learning, experience, or discipline for their duties. It is not worth while for the Federal Government to attempt this experiment unless the States will vigorously and vigilantly enter into it.

There is one other aspect of the subject to be considered. Should not the gift be made to each State on condition that it should raise a like sum for its schools, or that the Government would give as much as the State could raise up to a named sum?

This condition has many reasons in its favor. It would probably secure for the bill many votes not to be had otherwise. It would meet the very serious objections to any out-and-out charity. It might stimulate wholesome local action, as does the distribution of the Peabody Fund, to schools which raise a sum equal to that given.

But it is to be considered that it might defeat the operation of the act where it is most needed. The districts most blankly illiterate are just those least able to pay for schools. The colored man is not only a voter now, he is a tax-payer. His poverty is a chief reason of his illiteracy. This condition, in such a State as Mississippi, would fall most heavily upon a population either the least inclined to comply with it, or the least capable of sustaining it.

The subject is confessedly a difficult one, whichever way we look at it. It must be apparent to every reader from the general tenor of this paper, that the plan proposed is on the assumption that something must be done, and that the condition of the Southern States is as represented by the advocates of Federal aid.

DO WE REQUIRE A DIPLOMATIC SERVICE?

THERE is an impression abroad that the diplomatic service of this country is in future liable to be superseded, that its continued existence rests rather upon custom than upon reason and necessity. This impression and the notions which support it are of a somewhat nebulous character, but they are widely shared and frequently expressed, and no doubt influence public action. It will be well to examine the facts of this subject and to attempt to gain a definite understanding of the relation of this country to its diplomatic service and to diplomatic business.

There is one idea associated with the special objections made against our own diplomatic service which we had best consider at the outset. A notion is to some extent entertained that the diplomatic profession is in general and throughout the world out of date and destined to extinction. This is certainly untrue. Whatever this country may do, the world at large will not dispense with diplomats and diplomacy. The invention of the telegraph has made instantaneous communication between countries possible, but it has not done away with the advantage which a man living in a country has over one not living there in understanding what is going on in that country. The government of one European country must have its agent in another country to keep it informed of what is going on there. It needs him also to work upon the government of that country and the persons composing it. For although public opinion counts for more in ruling the world and individuals for less than formerly, nevertheless individuals now do, and always will, count for a great deal. It is also to be remembered that the relations which these countries have with each other are of the greatest importance, and that they naturally wish to place the agents who are to have charge of these relations in a strong position. Any European country wishes its agent to have the advantage of the superior position which immemorial usage has given to diplomats, and would certainly be unwilling that he should be without those advantages when they were retained by the agents of other countries.

What reasons are there why this country should continue to have

a diplomatic service? It is conceded that we must have consuls. Our commercial relations—certainly important enough—require them. We must have agents in foreign countries also for the protection of Americans living or travelling in those countries. Even in such civilized countries as England and France, an American may easily get into a scrape which only an accredited agent of the United States can get him out of. So eminent an American as the late Horace Greeley was once compelled to pass the night in a debtor's prison in Paris. The legation obtained his release the next day. (Work of this kind is done by a legation where there is one, and by a consulate where there is no legation.) This instance occurs to me at the moment. A young American who had been placed in a private insane asylum in London came with his keeper to the legation and requested their aid in an attempt he was making to get out. That office investigated the case and found that he had been improperly confined, and that his detention was due mainly (so it appeared) to the unwillingness of the doctor whose enterprise the asylum was to relinquish the $20 a week he was receiving from the patient. It might be thought that in England there should be abundant protection for everybody from persecution such as this, and that this gentleman needed no protection other than that which the laws of the country afforded to its own subjects. But Americans may wish better protection than the laws of foreign countries happen to provide for their own subjects. Besides, a stranger is in need of greater protection than the people of the country in which he is sojourning, because he is unknown there and his friends are absent. I merely mention these cases in passing in order to show the kind of service which an American agent abroad has to perform for his countrymen. He has to do a great many things like these, and my belief is that he usually does them earnestly and well.

If the diplomatic service is abolished, consuls and consuls-general, besides doing the work they now do, will be the intermediaries in diplomatic business between ourselves and other countries. It has indeed been proposed that the United States should communicate directly with foreign governments concerning matters which are now the subjects of diplomatic negotiation. But this suggestion is hardly worthy of serious consideration. There will always be times when one government in communicating with another will find it convenient to leave a certain discretion to some one in immediate contact therewith. There will be times when a govern-

ment will need information which only an agent on the spot can give, and will need it immediately. It will not wish to ask the information from the foreign government. A government may wish advice as to the probable reception of a contemplated communication by the foreign government. If it had only the resource of direct communication, it would be sure now and then to "give itself away;" and if there is a government which would be likely to "give itself away," ours, with its seclusion from things foreign and its bland unconsciousness of them, would be the one. This possibility occurs to me in passing: Suppose the Government should wish to modify a communication which had been sent, but was yet in transit; how would it do to telegraph the foreign government: "Return without opening Despatch No. 276; it contains something we don't want you to see." It is indeed most reasonable that an intermediary should be used. When he is not needed he can do no harm, and there will be occasions when his services will be essential. It would be especially absurd for the Government to deny itself such assistance when it already employs an agent in the foreign country for other than diplomatic business. There must then be intermediaries; if the diplomatic service is abolished, the consuls must be the intermediaries.

What then would be the advantage of making the consul the intermediary? It would be somewhat cheaper. In the more important places, however, the turning over of the work of the legations to the consulates-general would necessitate greater expense in conducting the consulates-general. Legations are now the heads of all consulates in the countries to which they are sent. The work which this position necessitates would be thrown on the consulates-general. These offices would also have the expense of the diplomatic work. It would, however, be undoubtedly cheaper. But that is not a consideration of great importance. The expense of conducting the diplomatic service of this country is really very small. The abolition of the diplomatic service is not usually advocated upon the ground of economy.

The considerations put forward by those who favor the abolition of the service appear to be as follows: 1st. Our foreign relations are slight. 2d. An agent is not able to transact our business the better for having the advantages of the diplomatic position. 3d. There are insuperable social difficulties in the way of our having a diplomatic service. (I cannot say that I have seen all of the

objections I am about to mention stated, but if they are not stated they are felt.)

Now with regard to the first of these considerations, that our foreign relations are slight, it is to be said that with England, Germany, France, Spain, and the American republics our relations are highly important. And our diplomatic business with those countries is increasing rapidly, as the records of the legations and of the Department of State will show. The work done at the legations is of a varied kind. Besides even more important diplomatic business, there are extradition cases; the claims of private citizens presented by authority of the Government; matters affecting American trade, such as discriminations against admission of live stock; requests for review of evidence and mitigation of punishment of Americans who have broken the law of the country and have been sentenced to imprisonment or death; the protection of Americans living or travelling in the country; business referred to the legation by any American consul in the country or any of its dependencies. A single case under any one of these heads may take up half the time of an office for weeks. There are inquiries to be made for some State government or municipality or corporation or individual, or requests to be made on behalf of one of these for a favor from the foreign government or some institution of the foreign country. There is the correspondence with the people of the foreign country concerning American affairs. The issuing of passports is a considerable item in the work of a legation. A European disturbance, such as a promise of war, or a Nihilist outbreak, may at any time make this work heavy, and it would always be heavy if it were not for the high fee charged by the United States Government for passports. Then there is besides the business of strictly confidential character. Suppose, for instance, that a year or two ago the Government had wished to make private inquiry concerning the sale of Confederate bonds at one of the European capitals, to whom could it have had recourse but to its own agent? This is a brief sketch of the kind of work done at legations. It is easy to see that the entire business of an office will require clerical work in proportion to its extent. An elaborate system of record books, indexes, etc., must be kept up. Copies of all correspondence with the Government, and of much other correspondence, must be forwarded to Washington. Where the Government writes in a language other than English, copies must be sent of both the originals and translations. In an office

where there is as much business as, for instance, in our legation at Mexico, this necessity must make a great deal of labor. In legations, as in most other offices, the work is very much greater at one time than at another.

The second consideration, that an agent is not able to transact our business the better for having the advantages of the diplomatic position is an assumption at variance with the facts and contrary to what we know of human nature. It assumes that the persons who have foreign governments in their hands are machines and not men; that they take into account only, and act solely, upon the authorized expressions of the United States Government. On the contrary, they are men who may be friendly or unfriendly, willing or unwilling, slow or fast, as the humor takes them, who may show this country a great deal of civil resistance which it cannot resent, and, if they like, a great deal of uncivil obstruction which it will have to put up with. The right presentation of the business of the Government by an agent who is acceptable to the *personnel* of the foreign government may be very necessary to its successful transaction. The fact that an agent has a good position assists him in approaching the foreign government. Certainly it cannot be denied that it is important to the happy and successful transaction of his business that he shall go in at the front door rather than at the back. Does not a good position give a man confidence and dispose people to be friendly to him? Another consideration may be mentioned. Suppose the agent in the discharge of his duty has made himself obnoxious to the foreign government. In such a case a superior position would be a protection, while an inferior position might be made a means of persecution.

The third difficulty in the way is the social one. This difficulty might be stated as follows by an opponent of the diplomatic service: When any one is appointed to a diplomatic position in a European country, he takes his place in an official system which has been prepared by the aristocratic civilization of the Old World. American civilization is different from this aristocratic civilization. The two mix together scarcely better than oil and water. No kind of American diplomat is able to overcome the essential difficulties of the position. Every sort of appointee must fail somewhere. The person appointed may have no notion of manners and propriety, in which case his countrymen will be ashamed of him. He has sought the place for the very reason that he is unfit for it—an excellent reason

from his point of view. The Government has not been able to say to him that he is not the sort of person for the employment he wishes. Or he may be quite right in this respect and yet he may make an indifferent figure in the society to which he is sent, and Americans do not like their representative to make an indifferent figure. Or, on the other hand, he may make a good figure; but he must be careful not to make too good a figure, or they may be jealous of him. There is, continues this opponent, a personal jealousy of their diplomats to which Americans are liable. They perhaps do not like to see their countryman where they are not. There is besides in this country an animosity toward European superiorities which indirectly militates against the comfort of the American diplomat. The American diplomat's position is thus necessarily inauspicious and difficult, the subject is a hopeless one, and the best disposition of it will be to have no diplomats at all.

The objection here made to the kind of men appointed may be got over by not appointing such men. Even under our present system, if it may be called a system, it is possible to make these appointments with deliberation and after full inquiry. The appointments should be made with as full knowledge of the men as can be obtained, and with a full knowledge of the requirements of the positions. It is not difficult to find the proper people. If a man without social fitness is pressed, the Government should have virtue enough not to appoint him. It is possible to discriminate in such matters, although the grounds of the discrimination need not be stated. There always has been a certain discrimination; there has always been a certain ideal of the kind of man who should be sent abroad to which the Government has endeavored, when it has been convenient, to conform. Our representation abroad will be further improved by the extension of the Civil-Service system to a portion of the appointments.

The other difficulty concerns the alleged jealous susceptibilities of Americans at home. It may be well to inquire into the justice of this supposed condition of the American mind toward these matters. It is possibly true that Americans watch their diplomats with some jealousy. They do not wish their servants to be snobs. This watchfulness is to a certain extent justifiable. The American diplomat may come to admire European societies too much, and to think too much of their opinion. But this kind of diplomat is not common. The usual American representative abroad is a gentleman who remains

his four years at his post of duty without producing a marked impression of any kind, and on his return retires to his own place and is always thereafter "ex-Minister to ——" to his townsmen, whom perhaps he discreetly allows to suppose him a greater man abroad than he really was. And the American diplomat who has had a successful career abroad also returns to live in his own country, and is glad to do so. Americans have had indeed little reason to complain of their agents for being snobs and unpatriotic. The other statement just made that certain Americans have an animosity toward European superiorities, is perhaps also true. It is possible that an American politician sometimes returns from a visit abroad with this animosity keenly alive. I think that people who have this feeling like to hit at the European world vicariously through the American diplomatic service. It falls in with their humor to belittle the service. By hinting at its abolition, or by resisting suggestions for its improvement, they say to the powers and principalities of the old world: "We are busy with our internal matters; our foreign relations are of little moment," or "The American diplomatic service may be a poor thing, but it is good enough for you." To these feelings is perhaps attributable in part the anxious inspection which Congress bestows upon our diplomatic expenses. But I believe that legislatures in general watch closely the bills of diplomats. A Greek diplomat once told me that in the *Boulé*, or Assembly, of his country no part of the government expenses was watched so closely as those of the diplomatic service. The reports of the parliamentary investigation into the English diplomatic service made some years ago show traces of the sentiment existing at Athens and Washington.

But it is easy to make too much of this point. Such sentiments amount to little when confronted. There was a notion that there would be a popular jealousy of the office-holding class which would prevent permanence of tenure in the Civil Service; this has proved to be a mistake. Regarding the matter of European superiorities, there is evidence that the country is falling into a tranquil, reasonable frame of mind toward this subject. The feeling appears to be as follows: we have the immense advantages of our form of society; we cannot have everything, and are content that European countries shall have the advantages, such as they are, peculiar to their form of society. It is also true that these jealous sentiments have been entertained by the few among Americans rather than by the country at large.

I may here say that there are certain conventional notions still abroad concerning the diplomatic profession that have ceased to be true. The career is not so attractive as it once was. It has not the liberty and independence nor the social consideration which it once had. The modern diplomat in his various relationships is not an enviable person. He is rather at a disadvantage in his relations with his official masters at home, the public of his own country, and to some extent the people of the country in which he is placed. In his connection with the people of the foreign country in which he resides he is at a disadvantage, because these people are in close contact with their own affairs and have a keen interest in them, while the interest of the diplomat is likely to be lukewarm. His main subjection, however, is to his official masters at home and the domestic public. His relations with his official heads are peculiar. He speaks weekly or daily to an audience which he does not see, and he is to some extent in the dark as to the way in which his communications are received. It is difficult for him to be quite sure of his position; he does not forget that the absent are always wrong, and, if he does now and then get words of approval, fears with the poet that "love has died at its last expression." In this he is probably mistaken. The truth is that the gentlemen who correspond with him have the affairs of a great many people to look after, and have little time to give him. The diplomat is a great man, indeed, who is considerable at the native foreign office. His relation to his fellow-countryman at home in many respects is also one of envy on his part. He envies the latter his contact with the national affairs. He envies him also his freedom of thought and speech. No man is so little able to call his soul his own. He hardly dare have an opinion, much less express one. The London newspaper correspondent who tried to obtain an expression of opinion regarding the Eastern question from an English diplomat at Vienna, and who complained that after an hour's labor he had brought the diplomat to the point of acknowledging that there was such a river as the Danube, did not exaggerate the timidity of his mind. This reluctance to speak is entirely reasonable. The diplomat knows that he has few chances of distinction, but many of getting into trouble, and that his only safety is in silence.

Nor should it be forgotten that the serious service which a diplomat performs for his State is rarely of a brilliant or conspicuous kind. When such opportunities occur, his government often takes the credit if things go right, and sometimes leaves him the blame if

they go wrong. But such opportunities seldom occur. The usual business of the diplomat is the prevention of mischief. This occupation is necessarily an obscure one. No man gets credit for what he prevents; it is rarely heard of; even if heard of, the world is incredulous; it is not in human nature to believe that the thing prevented would otherwise have come to pass. Of course, one of the compensations of the diplomat is that he is concerned with great subjects and famous and dignified institutions.

The social advantages of these positions are very well, but scarcely what they are thought to be. Diplomacy is a profession which in these respects is living a good deal on its reputation. It is easy to count on the fingers of one hand the posts at which one would care to be for the sake of society, and even at these places the social advantages of the career are not what they once were. At most of them the societies are larger and less exclusive than they formerly were, and the *entrée* which a diplomatic appointment gives is therefore less valuable. Courts were in former days really circles. So late as the time of William IV. a levee at St. James's Palace was an informal reception held weekly, not, as now, a stated occasion upon which to receive a vast assemblage. Announcement was made in the papers, not when a levee was to be held, but when one was to be omitted. As to general society, a well-introduced foreigner can get on in that about as well without a diplomatic appointment as with one. The official immunities and privileges of the career, indeed, still remain, and these are pleasant. They are particularly pleasant to young men; a young gentleman, but a few months before a school-boy, finds himself at his first diplomatic post to some degree a personage, and he likes the change mightily. But in time these advantages cease to interest him. He does not have them among people whom he cares much for and who care for him. He would prefer to have them in his own country. An American secretary recently met a very eminent English diplomat, whom he told that he was going home on leave, and who said to him: "Well, what do you want?" The American said that he wished to be secretary of the American Legation at Washington. "That," said the Englishman, significantly, as if he had long desired some such place himself, "is a very hard thing to get." To live among his own people, and to have in his wines free of duty, etc., would be what the diplomat would like. Nearly all men prefer their own country and people to any other, and diplomats are no exception to this rule. No matter

how young they begin the career, they never come to like any people as well as they do their own, and they are always to a certain degree strangers. Nevertheless they are content to remain in the career; and hopefully look forward to those professional prizes which men are easily trained to set a higher value on.

I may say that, in general, the social position of the diplomatic profession in Europe is hardly what it is supposed to be. In such great places as London and Paris diplomats are rather lost. There are plenty of people with great fortunes and large houses to give entertainments. Diplomatic entertainments are not greatly needed, and the embassies and legations do very little. Considerable complaint is made, indeed, that they do not do enough. At little capitals the diplomatic corps is often at the head of everything, but at such places society is usually small and dull. Even in certain great places where the position of the diplomatic body is an important one, I fancy they suffer to some extent on account of that unfriendliness to the foreigner which belongs to human nature. Certain diplomats are, doubtless, great personages anywhere. Those who hold a great position in their own country are apt to be accorded a great position in the foreign society. But most diplomats are not likely to be persons of the first position in their own country. The heads of missions are usually men who have been through the routine of the profession. The affiliations of diplomats, moreover, are not necessarily with the most distinguished order of a foreign society; their acquaintance is largely official and political. In most cases, too, their social ambition is not great. They know their stay is likely to be short, and it is not worth their while to put themselves to much trouble on account of society. I may add that the conventional notion of diplomats as essentially people of society is not altogether a true one. There are many diplomats, and clever and successful ones, who are extremely unsocial people. Beyond making a point of keeping on good terms with the members of the government, and appearing on certain occasions, they see as little society as possible. It must not be forgotten that all diplomats are to a certain degree outsiders. They are foreigners and the people of the country inevitably feel towards them as towards other foreigners; this fact furnishes a good reason for putting them in a strong position.

Such is a sketch of the present conditions of the diplomatic career. This is the life into which the agent goes to whom this country gives the diplomatic rank. The point of this whole discussion is whether

or not the agent who transacts our business abroad shall have this rank. He certainly should have it, unless there are strong reasons why he should not. Those who say that the social difficulty is a sufficient obstacle to his being given this rank exaggerate the discrepancy between this official life and ours. It seems to me entirely possible for an American diplomat to live with enjoyment and propriety in that heterogeneous entity of a foreign capital known as the diplomatic circle, and to have as good a position as a diplomat need have in the foreign society, and still be an American, still like his own country better than any other, still prefer his own countrymen to any other men, still retain that strong type of national character which this country never fails to impart to the man born and brought up in it. Of course our representation abroad is capable of great improvement. It cannot be entirely satisfactory until we have a permanent service, not so closely organized, perhaps, as the services of other countries, but still a service. I venture to say that the men who will lead the nomad life, from Europe to South America, and South America to Asia, incident to that career, will be as faithful citizens as any of the children of the nation. Men who are habitually absent from home, and who are moving about and have no opportunity to form ties elsewhere, are likely to be more warmly attached to their country than people who live in it.

The considerations against the entire abolition of the diplomatic status of our agents apply in a less degree to the proposition sometimes made that we should send abroad only diplomatic agents of a low grade. If the agent can perform the work of his government the better for having a diplomatic rank, he ought, other things being equal, to perform that work the better for having a good diplomatic rank. The proposition that a lower rather than a higher grade of diplomats, say *chargés*, or ministers-resident, should be employed by us is sometimes advocated upon the ground that it is not the agent who speaks and whose voice is heard, but the country, and that it makes little difference what may be the rank of the individual through whom the country expresses itself. Now it is by no means always true that it is the country whose voice is heard, and not the man. On the contrary, the man may often do things which the country cannot do. It would be easy to find many instances of this truth, if any were needed. The release of the Irish-American, Condon, secured by Mr. Welsh when that gentleman was Minister in London, was one. Our Government had made repeated applica-

tions for his release, which had been refused. Mr. Welsh, without any fresh or special instructions, thought proper to make a special appeal to the British Government on behalf of Mr. Condon at what seemed to him an opportune moment. Can any one say that it was not a matter of the utmost importance to the success of such an appeal that it should be pressed with judgment and skill? And it is not unlikely that the high regard which the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, had for Mr. Welsh had much to do with the success of the application. Politicians are human beings and are influenced as other human beings are. And the high rank of an agent no doubt helps him in producing a good impression on the members of the foreign government and in forming friendly relations with them.

I may mention in closing one or two stray reflections. One is this: if the diplomatic rank of our agents should be abolished and they should now become consuls-general, it is likely that their position would be a peculiar and an uncomfortable one. An American agent abroad could hardly escape, there being no minister, being called into a position such as other consuls-general would not have. This might result in anomalies and difficulties, the easiest escape from which would be a return to the present system. I am sure that the position of a consul-general with diplomatic duties and necessarily diplomatic associations would be uncomfortable. I have seen consuls-general among diplomats and know just how diplomats feel towards them. Perhaps grown-up people ought not to care for such distinctions, but everybody knows that they do care.

There is another reason for having a diplomatic service, not the strongest, perhaps, but still a good one. If we sent no diplomats, none would be sent us. It is agreeable and useful to form and maintain friendly relations with foreign countries and to have their representatives here. The higher the grade of diplomats we send abroad, the higher and better will be the class of diplomats sent us, and the more attractive will Washington become to the diplomatic profession. The foreign agents in Washington are of use to the Government and Congress.

In concluding this paper I may repeat what I said at the beginning, that the vague impression entertained by some, that the office of the diplomat throughout the world will in time become obsolete, is incorrect. Time and space may be abolished, as the phrase is, by inventions like the telegraph; but it must always remain true that a person in a foreign country will understand the affairs of that coun-

try better than persons who are not there. A Foreign Office cannot skip about the world like Aladdin's Palace, and, if it might, it could not be in a hundred places at the same time and know them all intimately. Governments will always need agents in foreign countries. Does not a business man who is corresponding with persons in a foreign country feel the need of some correspondent to whom he may say things which he does not wish to say to others, and from whom he may obtain information which he could not expect to obtain from others? As soon as his business is large enough, does he not get a correspondent? If a business man needs such an agent, why should not a great government? To send a special agent, as has been proposed, when occasion required, would not meet the necessities of the government. The government needs some one with whom it may communicate instantaneously; it is in constant need of communication upon matters too important to be slighted, and yet not great enough to justify the sending of a special agent to take care of them. The government needs an agent to personally influence the members of the foreign government, and the agent can do this to the more advantage for having the good position which custom has prepared for diplomats, and which is retained by the agents of other countries with whom he would be, to some extent, in competition. This statement is true of the relation of the countries of the world to the diplomatic profession and diplomatic business. It is true, also, of the relation of this country to the same subject. Our foreign affairs are less important than those of many other countries, but they are still important and growing in importance. This country must have agents in foreign countries to transact its business. It will be a great advantage to those agents, in doing their work, to have the diplomatic position. Against giving them this position, however, there are said to be certain objections of a social nature. It is said that many of our agents are queer people, and that even the nice ones are apt to be fish out of water in foreign societies. That, of course, ought not to be, but it is not necessary to send such agents. An organized service would certainly obviate that difficulty. But it is urged that persons appointed under the present system with a view to social fitness, or the members of an organized service, would cease to be Americans. This, we are sure, is a mistaken view. The notion that it will not be agreeable to the people of this country to have their servants at home amid the supposed official grandeurs of aristocratic countries, is also mistaken.

Are these objections of such weight as to justify us in withholding the diplomatic position from our agents? It seems to me that those who think so greatly exaggerate the importance of these objections, and do not appreciate the advantages of this position and the disadvantages of the consular position. Can it be wise to give the agent a rank which the foreign government regards as an inferior one, and from long and unchangeable habit thinks little of, when, by the stroke of a pen, we may give him a rank which the foreign government regards as entitling him to respectful consideration and attention? To do that would be to take the wrong way out of the difficulties of the situation. If our representation abroad is not what it should be, let us rather improve the service than deprive ourselves of an effective and necessary instrument for the successful transaction of business.

E. S. NADAL.

THE MOVEMENT FOR THE REDEMPTION OF NIAGARA.

SUCH luxuriance of vegetation as adorned the river-banks about the Falls, while Niagara was still unspoiled, is rarely seen outside of tropical regions. When in Virginia a few years ago I was permitted to read a letter written by a young woman, whose home was near the Natural Bridge in that State, when she was at Niagara Falls in July, 1827. It was one of a series reporting the experiences of a long journey for the entertainment of an invalid sister at home. Some passages are still of interest.

"It is true, as you say, that I have not yet written much to you in description of the scenery here. I have waited in order that my impressions regarding it might be more definite than was possible during the first few days of our sojourn. After observing for several weeks the effect upon myself of what we see here, I think I can discern some distinct elements in the influence of the place, or in my enjoyment of it, though everything blends and unites in a wonderfully perfect harmony and entireness of effect. It is all made up, I think, of the innumerable and always changing forms of the bright, swiftly moving water, with the play of light upon it, and in it; and of the contrasted frame-work of the infinitely varying, graceful, and beautiful forms of the foliage, which have a gracious and boundless luxuriance here which astonishes me.

"But it seems to me that what we see here is not so important as what we feel, what we experience. There is something peculiar in the spirit of the place, a feeling of solemn joyousness. There is a strange freshness and beauty upon everything, as if the world had just been made, and it seems as if there were something more in the objects around us than the mere material forms of what we see, as if a meaning and spirit beyond what the outward eye can see came into plainer view here than elsewhere. It all produces an exaltation of our noblest faculties. It is a kind of excitement, but it seems to be a wholesome excitement, restful and pure. All sordid and selfish thoughts seem far away and impossible here. It is like dwelling amid the scenery of an unfallen and immortal world. . . .

"There is a mill not far from the Falls. I tell Robert it should not have been placed so near. But he laughs at my romantic ideas, and says it is a very good mill, and is useful and necessary. Yet I tell him that useful things are not necessary in a place like this."

The mill which this young woman saw was built in 1822. The earliest use of the water-power at Niagara Falls, so far as I can learn, was about 1805. The first grist-mill there was built in 1807, and supplied the inhabitants of an extensive region until it was destroyed by the British in 1813. It was rebuilt on the same site in 1815.

The mill erected in 1822 had four runs of stones, and was about as well equipped as any mill in the western part of the State. Thus manufacturing grew and was established in the very heart and shrine of this temple of beauty.

The best analysis of the value of the foliage, as an element of the distinctive charm of the scenery of Niagara, which has come under my notice, is contained in the Notes by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, appended to the Report of Mr. James T. Gardner, Director of the New York State Survey for 1879. Mr. Olmsted quotes the following passage from Mr. William Robinson's *Alpine Flowers* (London, 1875).

"The noblest of nature's gardens that I have yet seen is that of the surroundings and neighborhood of the Falls of Niagara. Grand as are the colossal Falls, the rapids and the course of the river for a considerable distance above and below possess more interest and beauty.

"As the river courses far below the Falls, confined between vast walls of rock —the clear water of a peculiar light-greenish hue, and white here and there with circlets of yet unsoothed foam—the effect is startlingly beautiful, quite apart from the Falls. The high cliffs are crested with woods; the ruins of the great rock walls forming wide, irregular banks between them and the water, are also beautifully clothed with wood to the river's edge, often so far below that you sometimes look from the upper brink down on the top of tall pines that seem diminished in size. The wild vines scramble among the trees; many shrubs and flowers seam the high rocks; in moist spots, here and there, a sharp eye may detect many flowered tufts of the beautiful fringed gentian, strange to European eyes; and beyond all, and at the upper end of the wood-embowered deep river-bed, a portion of the crowning glory of the scene—the Falls—a vast cliff of illuminated foam, with a zone toward its upper edge as of green molten glass. Above the Falls the scene is quite different. A wide and peaceful river carrying the surplus waters of an inland sea, till it gradually finds itself in the coils of the rapids, and is soon lashed into such a turmoil as we might expect if a dozen unpolluted Shannons or Seines were running a race together. A river no more, but a sea unreined. By walking about a mile above the Falls on the Canadian shore this effect is finely seen, the breadth of the river helping to carry out the illusion. As the great waste of water descends from its dark-gray and smooth bed and falls whitening into foam, it seems as if tide after tide were gale-heaped one on another on a sea strand. The islands just above the Falls enable one to stand in the midst of these rapids, where they rush by lashed into passionate haste; now boiling over some hidden swellings in the rocky bed, or dashing over greater but yet hidden obstructions with such force that the crest of the uplifted mass is dashed about as freely as a white charger's mane; now darkly falling into a cavity several yards below the level of the surrounding water, and, when unobstructed, surging by in countless eddies to the mist-crested Falls below; and so rapidly that the driftwood dashes on swift as swallow on the wing. Undisturbed in their peaceful shadiness, garlanded with wild vine and wild flowers, the islands stand in the midst of all this fierce commotion of waters—below, the vast ever-mining Falls; above, a complication of torrents that seem fitted to wear away iron shores; yet there they stand, safe as if the spirit of beauty had in mercy

exempted them from decay. Several islets are so small that it is really remarkable how they support vegetation; one looking no bigger than a washing-tub, not only holds its own in the very thick of the torrents just above the Falls, but actually bears a small forest, including one stricken and half cast down pine. Most fortunate is it that these beautifully verdant islands and islets occur just above the Falls, adding immeasurably to the effect of the scene."

From Mr. Olmsted's own remarks I take the following paragraphs for their clear picture of features which were undergoing extinction when the movement to save the scenery was organized.

"The eminent English botanist, Sir Joseph Hooker, has said that he found upon Goat Island a greater variety of vegetation within a given space than anywhere in Europe, or east of the Sierras, in America; and the first of American botanists, Doctor Asa Gray, has repeated the statement. I have followed the Appalachian chain almost from end to end, and travelled on horseback 'in search of the picturesque,' over four thousand miles of the most promising parts of the continent without finding elsewhere the same quality of forest beauty which was once abundant about the Falls, and which is still to be observed in those parts of Goat Island where the original growth of trees and shrubs has not been disturbed, and where trees are not now exposed, by caving banks, to excessive dryness at the root.

"Nor have I found anywhere else such tender effects of foliage as were once to be seen in the drapery hanging down the walls of rock on the American shore below the Fall, and rolling up the slope below it, or with that still to be seen in a favorable season and under favorable lights, on the Canadian steeps and crags between the Falls and the ferry.

"All these distinctive qualities—the great variety of the indigenous perennials and annuals, the rare beauty of the old woods, and the exceeding loveliness of the rock foliage—I believe to be a direct effect of the Falls, and as much a part of their majesty as the mist-cloud and the rainbow.

"They are all, as it appears to me, to be explained by the circumstance that at two periods of the year when the Northern American forest elsewhere is liable to suffer actual constitutional depressions, that of Niagara is insured against like ills, and thus retains youthful luxuriance to an unusual age.

"First, the masses of ice, which, every winter, are piled to a great height below the Falls, and the great rushing body of ice-cold water coming from the northern lakes in the spring, prevent at Niagara the hardship under which trees elsewhere often suffer through sudden checks to premature growth; and, second, when droughts elsewhere occur, as they do every few years, of such severity that trees in full foliage droop and dwindle, and even sometimes cast their leaves; the atmosphere at Niagara is more or less moistened by the constantly evaporating spray of the Falls, and in certain situations frequently bathed by drifting clouds of mist.

"Something of the beauty of the hanging foliage below the Falls is also probably due to the fact that the effect of the frozen spray upon it is equivalent to the horticultural process of "shortening in," compelling a denser and closer growth than is, under other circumstances, natural."

Mr. Olmsted has been an occasional visitor at Niagara for more than fifty years. His attention was first called to the rapidly approaching ruin of its characteristic scenery by Mr. F. E. Church,

about the year 1868. Shortly afterward several gentlemen, frequenters of the Falls, met, at Mr. Olmsted's request, to consider this danger. This was the beginning of an effort and agitation which was never entirely intermitted. Its influence first appeared in an official form in suggestions contained in a message from Governor Robinson, which was sent to the Legislature of the State of New York, January 9, 1879. After referring to a conversation, a few months before, with Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, regarding the abuses then existing at Niagara Falls, on both sides of the river, the message recommended the appointment of a commission to consider the subject. In accordance with this suggestion the Commissioners of the State Survey were instructed, by a joint resolution of the Legislature of that year, "to inquire, consider, and report" regarding the matter. The Commissioners instructed Mr. James T. Gardner, Director of the State Survey, to examine the premises and prepare a plan for their consideration, and they associated with him Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted. These two gentlemen made a report which was embodied in the Special Report of the State Survey on the preservation of the Scenery of Niagara, transmitted to the Legislature March 22, 1880, by Hon. Horatio Seymour, President of the Board, a document of extraordinary interest and value. The Commissioners recommended the extinguishment of the private titles to so much land as should be regarded as absolutely necessary to the preservation of the essential scenery of Niagara; that the State should, by purchase, acquire a title to this land, and hold it in trust for her people forever; that no unnecessary landscape gardening or ornamentation should be indulged in, but that at a minimum of expense, natural conditions should, as far as possible, be restored and maintained. A bill was soon afterward introduced in the Legislature to give effect to these recommendations; it passed the Assembly, but failed in the Senate. There had been no sufficient discussion of the subject, or adequate preparatory work among the people of the State, and few, even of those who favored the project, had at this time, any just idea of its real character and objects.

In March, 1880, a remarkable memorial was addressed to the Governor of the State of New York (Hon. Alonzo B. Cornell), and the Governor-General of Canada. It was signed by many hundreds of the leading citizens of America and of England. Declaring that "objects of great natural beauty and grandeur are among the most valuable gifts which Providence has bestowed upon our race. The

contemplation of them elevates and informs the human understanding. They are instruments of education. They conduce to the order of society. They address sentiments which are universal. They draw together men of all races, and thus contribute to the union and the peace of nations,"—the memorialists respectfully asked that the suggestion of a joint guardianship of the two governments over the lands about the Falls, should, "by appropriate methods, be commended to the wise consideration of the Legislature of New York." Governor Cornell did not think favorably of the memorial, nor of its object; and when, in 1881, a Niagara Falls bill was again brought forward in the Legislature, its friends saw that its passage at that time would be ineffective, and it was not pressed to a vote.

Early in 1881 Mr. Olmsted, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, made arrangements for the publication, in New York city and Boston newspapers, of a series of descriptive letters, to be written from Niagara Falls, with the object of arousing public attention to the danger of the speedy extinction of the essential charm and value of the scenery. In August and September of that year Mr. Henry Norman wrote a series of admirable letters to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, and the New York *Evening Post*, *Herald*, and *Tribune*, which, upon completion, were published in pamphlet form. (Mr. Norman has since made for himself an enviable place and name in journalism in England.) This summer's work was a distinct and important step in advance in the Niagara campaign. By a similar arrangement Mr. J. B. Harrison, during the summer of 1882, wrote from Niagara Falls eight letters to the New York *Evening Post*, the New York *Tribune*, and the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. In the autumn they were printed in a pamphlet entitled *The Condition of Niagara Falls, and the Measures needed to Preserve Them*, with this inscription:

"These Letters, the result of a recent study of Niagara and its environment, are respectfully inscribed to

"THE JOURNALISTS OF AMERICA,

with the conviction that if the final ruin of this scene of beauty and wonder shall be averted, that fortunate result will be brought about chiefly by the intelligence and public spirit which find expression through the newspapers of the two countries having a common interest in the subject herein presented."

On the evening of December 6, 1882, about a score of gentle-

men came together by invitation at the house of Mr. Howard Potter, in New York city, to consider the general question of the methods to be followed in an effort to save the scenery of the Falls of Niagara. They were encouraged by the understanding that Governor Cleveland regarded the movement with interest and favor. Mr. Potter presided, and addresses were made by Messrs. Olmsted, Potter, Dorsheimer, Norton, Harrison, and others; and after full consultation the meeting unanimously resolved to appeal to the intelligence and public spirit of the people of the State in support of the plan of purchasing the lands about the Falls and establishing a State Reservation, as the only means of restoring and preserving the scenery. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. Hampden Robb, Francis H. Weeks, James T. Gardner, Buchanan Winthrop, and J. T. Van Rensselaer, with power to make necessary arrangements, and instructions to report at a subsequent meeting. This second meeting was held at Municipal Hall, 67 Madison Avenue, New York, on the evening of January 11, 1883, in compliance with invitations sent out by the committee and the chairman of the previous meeting. Mr. D. Willis James was called to the chair, and introduced the subject of the evening in a brief and felicitous address. The report of the committee recommended the formation of an association to promote legislative and other measures for the restoration and preservation of the natural scenery at Niagara Falls, in accordance with the plan proposed by the Commissioners of the State Survey, in their Special Report on the subject (presented to the Legislature, March 22, 1880), and reported a constitution. This was adopted, and nearly all present signed it, thus becoming members of the new Society, paying a membership fee of ten dollars each.

The organization was completed by the election of the following officers: President, Howard Potter; Vice-Presidents, Daniel Huntington, George William Curtis, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Secretary, Robert Lenox Belknap; Treasurer, Charles Lanier; Executive Committee, J. Hampden Robb, Buchanan Winthrop, James T. Gardner, J. T. Van Rensselaer, Francis H. Weeks, and Robert W. DeForest; Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Harrison. Accounts of the proceedings appeared in the principal journals of the city the next morning, with favorable comments. The Society grew rapidly. The officers and members mentioned the enterprise to their acquaintances at the clubs, at social assemblies, and in their offices and places

of business, all of them thus aiding cordially and effectively in the work.

A bill drawn up by the Executive Committee of the Association was introduced in the Assembly by Hon. Jacob F. Miller, of New York city, on the 30th of January, 1883, to authorize the selection and appropriation of certain lands in the Village of Niagara Falls for a State Reservation, "and to preserve the scenery of the Falls of Niagara." It provided for the appointment by the Governor, with consent of the Senate, of five Commissioners of the State Reservation at Niagara, to hold office for five years from the passage of the act, to serve without pay, except actual expenditures in the duties of their office. They were empowered to select such lands as they should deem necessary to the preservation of the scenery, and to take all necessary steps for their condemnation. They were to report to the Legislature all their proceedings, and the sums awarded by the Commissioners of Appraisement as the value of the lands condemned; all proceedings to be void unless the Legislature should within two years, or on or before April 30, 1885, make an appropriation to pay the owners of the lands.

There were hearings before the Committee of Ways and Means of the Assembly, with arguments in favor of the bill by the Right Rev. Bishop Doane, Howard Potter, Esq., Hon. W. A. Dorsheimer, Hon. J. Hampden Robb, and others. The measure was favorably reported to the House, and it was passed on the 14th of March by a vote of sixty-eight ayes to thirty-nine noes, after speeches in its favor by Messrs. Welch, Erastus Brooks, Howe, Haggerty, Roesch, Murphy, and others. Some of these addresses are of permanent interest.

In the Senate there were hearings before the Finance Committee, with speeches in favor of the bill by Messrs. Gardner, Dorsheimer, Robb, John Jay, George William Curtis, and others. Numerous petitions were sent to the Legislature from all parts of the State, and letters earnestly in favor of the measure were written by the President of the United States (through his private secretary), by both the United States Senators from New York, by the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William D. Howells, Presidents Andrew D. White and Charles W. Eliot, Mark Hopkins, and Noah Porter, and by many of the most prominent citizens of all portions of the country. The bill passed April 18, ayes twenty-one, noes ten, and on the 30th of April the Gover-

nor signed it and it became a law. The report of the Executive Committee of the Association * names Senators Ellsworth, Titus, Lansing (of Albany), McArthur, Daly, Thomas, Kiernan, Covert, Frederick Lansing, and others, and Messrs. Hugh McLaughlin of Brooklyn, and Hubert O. Thompson of New York city, as among the most efficient supporters of the measure.

As Commissioners of the Reservation, the Governor named Messrs. William A. Dorsheimer, Andrew H. Green, J. Hampden Robb, Sherman S. Rogers, and Martin B. Anderson, the Senate at once confirming the nominations. The Commission organized at Albany, May 29, 1883, electing Dr. Anderson President, and Mr. Robb Treasurer and Secretary. The Commissioners requested Messrs. Olmsted, Vaux, and Gardner to accompany and advise them in their first official visit to the Falls, and on June 9th these gentlemen all looked over the ground together, and located the Reservation. Messrs. Matthew Hale, Luther R. Marsh, and Pascal P. Pratt were soon afterward chosen to act as appraisers, and devoted much of the summer to hearing testimony and examining the lands and other properties condemned, in order to ascertain their value. Their report, confirmed by the Supreme Court, awarded $1,433,429.50 as the sum due the owners of the property condemned and to be appropriated by the State by right of eminent domain. In accordance with the law, the State Commission submitted this award to the Legislature at the session of 1885, and asked that body to appropriate the sum named as the final act of the movement for the redemption of Niagara. Then much of the work already described was to be done over again, and it was done very nearly in the same order and manner as before. A bill making the necessary appropriation was introduced and there were hearings before the proper committees in both branches of the Legislature, with speeches by the same gentlemen and by others. The Association issued various addresses. Petitions were circulated, and went to Albany with myriads of names. The press everywhere most efficiently aided the movement, and the whole country became interested. As a result the bill passed near the end of the session of the Legislature, and after the adjournment of that body was signed by Governor Hill, and thus became a law. The Commissioners appointed Hon.

* The materials for this sketch are drawn, in great part, from the various documents issued in aid of the movement, but especially from this report of the Executive Committee of the Niagara Falls Association (New York, January, 1885).

Thomas V. Welch (formerly a member of the Assembly from Niagara Falls), Superintendent of the Reservation. It was a most fit appointment. He is an efficient and conscientious officer, and has already made great improvement in the appearance of the Reservation, by removing many of the unsightly structures which have so long disfigured the approaches to the Falls. Great wisdom and decision will always be required adequately to protect the Niagara Reservation from the encroachments of greed and vulgarity. In the nature of things it can never be safe for the people of intelligence, good taste, and public spirit, of the State of New York, or of the country at large, to withdraw all oversight and interest from the management of the Reservation and the care of the scenery about the Falls. It will be difficult to provide for the increasing number of visitors without encroaching injuriously upon the limited area of the Reservation and impairing its value by the multiplication of artificial structures. I observe that the newspapers of the region declare that if "the people" wish to see the colored lights on the Falls again, they will be restored. I hope this is not true. These lights were among the most vulgar and defacing of all the abominations which profaned the place under the order of things which it has cost so much to change. It will be necessary in time to protect the shores of the islands, at some points, from destructive erosion by drifting ice and other objects.

The following is the form of petition used in the first year's canvass. It was drawn up, I believe, by Mr. Howard Potter.

PETITION.

"The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, feeling that in the possession of that greatest natural object of its kind, the Falls of Niagara, this State is trustee not only for its own citizens but for the nation and the world; believing that owing to the deflection of the river at the Falls and the character of the banks below, the whole industrial power of the Falls can be availed of without impairment of the natural beauties of the scenery; hearing with alarm of the rapid progress of disfigurements of it which threaten its speedy destruction, and protesting earnestly against the complete neglect in the past by this great, wealthy, and intelligent State, of these considerations, and of the rights of its citizens to the enjoyment of this gift of nature, from which it results that there is not one foot of American soil from which our citizens can obtain, without payment, a sight of the Falls; and believing that the sublime spectacle of Niagara is one which every citizen should have the right to enjoy without money and without price; and feeling that the present state of things, which makes it a luxury beyond the reach of poverty amounts to a public wrong which ought no longer to go unredressed, do most earnestly petition your honorable body that the recommenda-

tions of the Commissioners of the State Survey, in their Report on the subject in 1879, may be speedily adopted and carried into effect by such legislation as may be necessary for that purpose."

By the terms of the law, the Reservation—which includes all the islands and a strip of land on "the American shore" running from a point below the Falls to the head of the rapids—is to be forever free to all visitors.

The entire cost of the movement, to those who conducted it, was very slight, the only salary paid being that of the corresponding secretary, who twice visited nearly every part of the State, calling everywhere on the leading citizens of all occupations and professions, especially the editors of newspapers. He was always received with the greatest courtesy, and usually obtained the kindly assistance of all, even of those who had been opposed to the movement. He was greatly aided by letters of introduction from many of the chief men of the State. He wrote innumerable letters to individuals, besides articles for newspapers and magazines, in furtherance of the object, and printed many addresses, letters and circulars of various kinds, which were sent through the mails to the people of every village and town in the State. He sent the following expression of interest to all the colleges and universities in the United States, and it was returned with the signatures of the officers of nearly every one:

"The undersigned, regarding the success of the effort now making by citizens of New York to save the scenery of Niagara Falls from destruction as of concern to the people of the whole country, desire to express their deep interest in the work.

"They believe the establishment of a State Reservation of the lands adjacent to the Falls, under suitable permanent guardianship, to be demanded in the interest alike of the present and of future generations.

"They deem that whatever cost or sacrifice may be required to secure this end would be well expended, in order to save the nation from the manifest discredit and vast, irreparable loss which would result from the neglect and destruction of one of the noblest of the natural features of the continent."

Though this could not be presented to the Legislature, it was a potent instrument in aid of the enterprise. Large editions of some of the speeches on the subject in the Legislature were used in the work of the corresponding secretary. Throughout the canvass many ladies in different parts of the country rendered very efficient assistance. So far as is known, no person was wronged, injured, or aggrieved in any way by our work.

Success was attained by the co-operation of multitudes; but the one indispensable factor was Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted's thought. He was the real source, as he was the true director of the movement, and but for him there would be no State Reservation at Niagara to-day.

The effort to save Niagara was a new experiment, and it devel oped some facts or laws relating to methods for the propagation of ideas which had not been so fully recognized before, and which apply equally to many things in the life and thought of our time.

1. If an evil is to be removed, or an important change wrought by the action of the people, the first step is a clear and truthful description of existing conditions, with a plain, brief presentation of the remedy proposed.

2. What is written must be addressed to the average understanding of people without "culture," who work with their hands. What is plain to them will be understood by all others. All rhetorical indirection or display is a fatal disadvantage. Nobody now takes fine writing seriously, not even the authors of it.

3. The first impression upon popular attention must be followed up by frequent, brief restatements, each complete in itself, and clear in its iteration of the essential original appeal; and these must be continuously varied and multiplied, without any long pause, till their cumulative effect produces a reverberation filling all the air of the time, and compelling general attention.

4. There will be required a few men of known character and influence, to employ an agent who understands the evil, and believes in the remedy proposed, who shall devote his whole time and energies to the work, with a large measure of freedom of judgment and action as to methods. This agent should be able to employ the pen and the press, as well as the power of personal appeal.

At present many efforts to bring about important changes involve fatal waste of energy. The methods followed are often clumsy and inefficient, because they are not based upon the facts of the situation, nor in accord with the natural laws governing the propagation of ideas.

"Public opinion, to be effective, must be concentrated," and the publication of valuable writings often avails little, and enthusiastic public meetings produce no change in existing conditions, because the necessary means for the systematic and effective propagation of ideas are not employed. In this country there is often much greater

expenditure of money and energy in fruitless efforts for important public objects, than would be required for their accomplishment if practical methods were followed. It is not the fault of the masses. "The multitude is capable of willing loyalty to wisdom."

The principal obstacle encountered in the effort to save Niagara was the "International Park" idea—the notion that a vast tract on each side of the river, extending from far above the Falls to a point below the Whirlpool was to be appropriated, laid out in conventional patterns of paved roadways, with ornamental architecture, and "decorative" landscape gardening. A few persons refused to aid the movement because it was so severely economical and simple in its purposes; and even now it is sometimes said that we might just as well have had a much larger reservation. But the truth is, that after twice canvassing the State it was plain to all who were engaged in the work that a plan even slightly more ambitious would have insured the defeat of the enterprise. The people of the State favored the object because they were persuaded that no extravagance was intended. Plans were early brought forward for the erection of various buildings on the reservation, for educational and other purposes, but they did not meet with popular approval, and the terms of the law establishing the reservation give no encouragement to such projects. There can be no objection to museums, or monuments, in any number outside of the reservation, but its area is too small to admit such structures without serious injury to the object for which it exists, and if this were not the case, the finest architecture would here be inharmonious and inappropriate. The reservation was established with a definite purpose and plan—the preservation of the essential scenery of Niagara, with the minimum of artificial constructions.

The movement to save Niagara is of peculiar interest, because it was the first effort made in this country on so large a scale to use the machinery of Government for an object of this kind, that is, for a purpose belonging so entirely to the realm of elevated sentiment and noble spiritual emotion. No sordid element modified or degraded the pure ideal which the laborers in this movement set before them from the beginning. No person made any money out of it. There was no stain or shadow of jobbery from the inception to the final accomplishment of the enterprise.

Here was a great natural possession of unparalleled beauty, with peculiar power to inspire wholesome and elevated emotions, to calm

the fevered unrest of our crowded, hurried modern life; to delight and reinvigorate all who feel that "the world is too much with us, late and soon," and to minister to the sanity and happiness of millions of toiling men and women through all coming time. It was certain to be speedily destroyed and its priceless loveliness extinguished in cureless ruin, unless the State intervened to save it. The great State of New York has never acted more wisely or more in accord with the highest civilization of the age than when she devoted a million and a half from the public treasury to make the region about the Falls of Niagara free to her people and to mankind forever. Such objects will always be easier of accomplishment in America because of the precedent thus established.

J. B. HARRISON.

JOHN SUNDE.

(Translated and adapted from the Norwegian of Jonas Lie by H. B. Boyesen.)

SCANDINAVIAN literature meant formerly Danish literature ; in the time of Bishop Tegnèr it meant Swedish literature ; now it is apt to mean Norwegian literature. Norway contributed Holberg and Wessel to the literature of Denmark, but received no credit for them. After 1814, when the country regained its independence, an independent intellectual life began to assert itself; the great historic past became a reanimating power, and in a wild intoxication of patriotism Norse poets sang the praise of "Old Norway." The two great historians, Keyser and Munch, endeavored to establish a rational basis for this patriotic ecstasy; and the noble poet, Wergeland, rhapsodized his nationality in prose and verse, though it was to him little more than a beloved name. It is told that he took long tramps on foot through the rural districts disguised as a beggar, in order to get nearer to the heart of the people—in order to discover the essence of the Norse nationality—but he had grown up in an intellectual atmosphere which lay like an obscuring haze between him and the object of his search. It was his own heart which he revealed in his writings—and a noble heart it was—but not that of Norway.

It was reserved for Björnstjerne Björnson to find what Wergeland had sought in vain. He had grown up among the people and knew and loved them. In his writings the Norse peasant made his entrance into literature. The national life of Norway—the types of character developed in the remote valleys during centuries of isolation—stepped suddenly into the light in his pages. It was an enormous find he had made—an epoch-making discovery. But it was no accident. Björnson is himself the noblest embodiment of the nationality which he has revealed, not only to itself, but to the world at large. With him Norway woke from its hibernating torpor, and stepped out once more upon the world's arena. For thirty years he has marched ruthlessly onward, and a throng of poets, more or less eminent, have sprung up in his path. His grand national dramas, as well as those of his great rival, Henrik Ibsen, have reanimated again the heroic saga period, and fixed the intellectual structure of to-day upon its historic basis. With marvellous poetic insight Björnson has drawn the Viking of old, and laid bare the soul of those Norsemen who in ancient times filled Europe with the terror of their name. Their descendants of to-day feel the right to hold their heads high—a precious privilege, and one without which no strong intellectual life is possible. The adventurous spirit of their ancestors and that marvellous constructive power which destroyed empires and rebuilt them on the surer foundation of law and liberty, do confer a consciousness of dignity and strength upon the Norsemen of to-day, which is a happy augury for their future. They lived long on the mere memory of their past grandeur ; but now, since a Björnson and an Ibsen have made that past a present power and a vitalizing influence, splendid evidences of progress in science, art, politics and literature have become apparent. In fact, the intellectual sceptre of the North has, during the last thirty years, passed from Denmark to Norway.

Among the poets and novelists who, without being in any wise imitators of Björnson, have felt the stimulus of his example, there are especially three who are endowed with native originality and force. These are Jonas Lie, Alexander Kielland, and Magdalena Thoresen. Lie, who is the author of the following tale, made his fame fifteen years ago by a powerful novel, entitled, *Den Fremsynte* ("The Man of Second-Sight"), and he has since then published a dozen others, dealing with life on the west coast of Norway, and particularly in the extreme northern provinces. He may be said to have discovered

the Norse sailor, whom he celebrates in several of his tales. He is in no sense a dramatic writer, but excels in characterizations, betraying a keen psychological insight. His quiet, often uneventful narratives, remind one in many respects of Howells, whom he also rivals in delicate humor and felicity of phrase. If Howells had been born in Norway, he would have written just such books as Lie — *Rutland*, *A Maelstrom*, and *The Family at Giske*. They abound in the most delightful touches, and have a flavor of the soil which make them dear to the Norseman who has exiled himself across the Atlantic.

Alexander Kielland, who is the latest Norse celebrity, is characterized by a certain rancid realism which reminds one of Zola. He has, however, *esprit* which Zola has not. He is also a wit, which is a rare thing in Norway. He writes with a pen dipped alternately in gall and in rose-water. There is nothing quite so exquisite in Norse literature as his satire on the Lutheran clergy in *Garman and Worse* and in *Elsie* on official philanthropy and on the whole organization of bureaucratic society. In his novel, *Laboring People*, he pulls off his gloves, and wages war against the profligacy of the governing class. His weapon is not a bludgeon, however (like Zola's), but the keenest, flashing rapier. It is not a novel for *Backfische*, as the Germans say ; but it is for all that a book which Norway could not spare. *Skipper Worse* and *Fortuna* are likewise full of daintily vigorous writing ; full of deep moral earnestness and brilliant flashes of wit.

Magdalena Thoresen has been before the public for nearly a quarter of a century, and is now sixty-seven years old. She excels in the short story, and deals by preference with psychological problems. Her style is pure and extremely picturesque, though at times a little discursive. On the whole, the effectiveness of many of her stories is spoiled by a lack of condensation and an apparent aimlessness in her dénouement. Thus, her story called "The Christmas Star" in *Nyere Fortellinger*, opens admirably, makes several starts toward different conclusions, and in the end becomes rambling. On the other hand, "*Lukne Gaarden*," in the same volume, is well-sustained, interesting, and vigorous. Her recently published book, *Billeder fra Midnatsolen's Land*, is ostensibly a direct transcript from reality, and deals with life within the Arctic circle. Its stories stick to the memory like burrs. They are almost too tragic for tears, but wonderfully, uncomfortably impressive. Mrs. Thoresen is also the author of several dramas, and two novels, *Solen i Siljedalen* and *Herluf Nordal*. Three younger writers, Dilling, Paulsen, and Arne Garborg, have recently come into notice, and one, Kristofer Jansen, who had already gained his public at home, and even received a "poet's salary" from Parliament, has migrated to the United States.

I.

A GOOD head with a quick circulation in it may be the result of many circumstances. There must be a variety of things in the soil to make such a plant grow. To have Yankee blood usually suffices, because it presupposes America, with all that the name implies, in one's antecedents. But if you can't be a Yankee, the next best thing is to be the son of a ferryman.

The traffic of a ferry is various and instructive. One day comes perhaps the king, the next a theatrical troop, then a circus with menagerie and side shows, or a band of gypsies, or a handcuffed prisoner under guard, or the bishop. Here nothing is impossible, especially, when—as was the case at John's home—a much-travelled highway is interrupted by a broad river. And John had, from the time he was old enough to turn up his trousers and wade out for

chips, used his eyes and ears, and whetted his powers of reasoning on everything he saw. He very soon had his mind made up in regard to the different degrees of rank which belonged both to horses and people, family barouches and victorias, as well as the heavy, dangerous wagon-loads which rolled down upon the ferry, and had to have their wheels steadied with blocks of wood. Aristocracy, of course—that was a world by itself. There was, to be sure, a world outside, too, in which he lived himself with his father, the ferryman. But that was a low world by comparison; and it was the high one which busied his thoughts and beckoned alluringly to him with the beauty of a fairy tale.

John had to help his father in his work; and he managed his oar very cleverly, pushing the boat along through the eddies among logs or blocks of ice—according to the season. And he never neglected on such occasions to listen to the talk, and to draw his own conclusions. His special study was, however, the vehicles. He took pride in knowing that he was capable of appreciating the excellence of the gig of the wealthy lumber dealer, Fossum. It was simply built, without springs, and so light that he could lift it; but it had a pair of arms, made of ash, so tough and fine and elastic, that one would have to look long for the like of them. It was a pure delight to the boy to pull it aboard the ferry, and to swing it up and down in his hands. At the age of seventeen, when other boys dance and talk about sweethearts, that gig had got his head in a whirl like a first love.

"What no one else knows," says the proverb, "that knows the ferryman;" and John knew the ins and outs of every lumber trade that was concluded in the whole district. He knew about every forest that was being cut down, and of those that were going to be cut down, and could give points to many a lumber speculator. All these things were discussed and rediscussed during the rest which the crossing of the river afforded, and there was never a word lost on John. He knew the mark on every log in the river as well as the official inspector.

Across the ferry went the daily traffic to the judge's office from all parts of the parish. The stately mansion lay on the west side, and glittered with its blue tiles among the tall trees, while the smoke curled upward from its three chimneys at dinner-time. Out of the iron-grated gate rode clerks and deputies in hot haste so that the wheels of their gigs hummed along the road; and thither drove law-

yers, sheriffs, auctioneers, and guardians of minors to transact their business with the office. And however big they were down in the parish, here they had to take their hats off and bow and scrape. When there was a dinner-party at the judge's, then all the magnates came rolling along in their carriages—the Grundts, the Deans, the Paulsons, besides a lot of gigs and carryalls, all which had to board the ferry-boat. The vision of splendor which all this called up in John's mind was destined to exercise a decisive influence upon his whole mode of thought and intellectual habit. His observation had long ago defined the degrees of respectability, gentility, and aristocracy; until it became his dream and aspiration to belong, even as the humblest member, to the great world. With this in view he began to practise writing. It was rarely he had pen and paper, but for want of these he contented himself with a stick and the sand which made a little beach about the ferry. The slope was daily covered with letters, ornamented with bold flourishes, all uniting to form the name "John Ferryhill" or "John Sundet." There was apparently an indecision on the part of the writer as to which of these names he should adopt.

Thus he kept on, practising and practising, like a skater, the same flourishes.

II.

It was a warm, quiet, sleepy summer afternoon. It did not look in the least as if it was pregnant with great events. The water was so low that stones and rocks which usually were submerged lay blinking in the sun, while the banks of the river were left high and dry, like tall, sloping walls. The valley looked empty and lifeless; the people had either moved to the mountains with the cattle, or they stayed at home on account of the heat. John was alone at the ferry. He had taken it into his head to bathe, and was engaged in the interesting occupation of riding a log in Indian style through a whirling eddy—and it was no easy thing to keep right side up in the capricious current—when to his horror he saw the judge's landau emerge from among the trees on the farther side of the river.

That was a fatality! The judge was the last person in the world before whom he would care to present himself in such light—well, in *puris naturalibus.* He slid like an eel down from his log; swam along with his black pate now under and now again above the water, and crept up to the landing, where his two only and indispensable garments lay. It was no easy matter to get them on, wet as he was;

but with two or three resolute pulls it was done. Relieved of his oppression, he stepped frankly forward, and with a "Ho-o-y" answered the impatient call. It was the judge himself who stood there with the flat official cap on his head and roared like a madman. The parasols belonged to his gracious lady and his three little daughters, who had just returned from the city.

When the judge saw that the boat was in motion, he began to pace up and down the slope. He looked anything but gracious, and John felt grateful that he could not see him while he was rowing. The boat bumped hard against the pier, and John was quick to fasten it with the chain. The horses had been unhitched from the carriage, which stood ready to be rolled aboard.

"No ferryman present—what does that mean?" came in thundering accents from the slope.

"Father has only gone up to the blacksmith's."

"Only——" Here followed some emphatic language. "And here we stand! He shall be removed; I am the man to take care of that. Unexampled negligence!"

"This is dangerous, Westergaard," said the gracious lady. She was a tall, stiff woman, with a little stoop, and a stare as if she were gazing out over a balcony.

"Only a boy," she continued, anxiously; "and these horses are so restless."

The daughters clung around her like a brood of partridges.

"Dangerous!" roared the judge; "unprincipled; that's what it is. Tell your father from me——"

John did not hear the rest. With a couple of tremendous pulls, which made the sparks fly before his eyes, he had got the heavy landau in motion down the hill-side; while a second roar more terrific than the first: "Don't rush into the river, boy!" was sent after him by the judge.

The next moment the carriage stood securely, with blocks under its wheels, on the ferry-boat, and all the groom had to do was to lead the horses aboard. The excitement trembled still in the air until the craft was safely under way and bumped against the further shore.

"I assure you, Westergaard," panted the gracious lady, "I was positively ill; you know how little I can bear——"

"Oh, it was worst for the boy," mumbled the judge. "Well," he went on, turning to John, "it was well it went as it did."

"He perspires so that the water drips from his clothes," exclaimed the eldest daughter, compassionately; "the seat is perfectly wet."

"Who is it that writes all this?" asked the judge, pointing with his stout cane at the flourishes in the sand.

"I guess it is me," said John.

"And this?"

"I guess that's me, too."

"What is your name, then—John Ferryhill or John Sundet?"

"Oh, that is just as it may happen," said John, gazing modestly at his bare feet.

"H'm, h'm, but that is not badly done; not at all badly done."

"I have done some copying for Larsen, the roadmaster. If I could get a chance to keep on writing——"

The judge and his wife exchanged a glance. It was worth thinking about. There was a vacancy in the office for a clerk.

"John Sundet—John Sundet," the judge repeated, thoughtfully; "you ought to drop that 't,' my boy, and call yourself John Sunde."*

Then he seated himself, panting, in the carriage; there he sat, broad-shouldered and proudly erect. John stood long and gazed after him, as the landau rolled away. He traced experimentally with his big toe in the sand: "Sunde," and stared again at the gray cloud which followed the carriage. Seizing the boat-hook, he scratched away unweariedly: "Sunde—John Sunde," until there was no space left.

Not long after this meeting, John had reached the goal of his aspirations, having obtained a modest situation as youngest clerk in the judge's office. Besides enduring all sorts of witticisms about his two names, making fires in the stoves, cleaning the ink-stands, bringing the mail, and running errands, it was his duty to copy briefs—an extremely delicate and difficult task which required other talents than that of making flourishes. He sat at his desk in the red-painted office building, happy and proud as any new-fledged lawyer, with his ears keenly on the alert for orders, no matter whence they came. From the window he could see the whole valley down to the ferry. His new life was, however, not without its adversities. Even though he had a place at the dinner-table—that is to say, when there were

* The "t" is the definite article in Norwegian, and gives a local significance—John the Sound: by dropping it this distinctively plebeian characteristic disappears.

no guests of the finer kind present—it was at first a very untenable sort of amphibious existence he led. He was not exactly a servant —and the servants to whose sphere he had formerly belonged made him feel their envy and malice—nor did he belong to the finer world in the parlor. He lay, as it were, writhing on the threshold, and felt that he was an object of ridicule, whatever he did. He felt awkward and insecure like a shoeless horse on the ice. So small a matter as getting in and out of the door was a daily trial—not to mention his experiments in handling knife, fork, and napkin. So many things which he had never dreamed of were required in this new existence. It was a perpetual drill from morning till night. And yet he could have endured it all if it had not been for the three young misses, who sat there with their blonde heads—so mysterious, so tortured with suppressed laughter, every time he made a little blunder. When in his innocence he put the mustard-spoon in his mouth, it was not the mustard which burned his tongue and shot like fire down his throat; but it was the mischief that beamed out of their mirthful faces. First one would get up, with her napkin stuffed into her mouth, and threatening to explode with merriment; then the second, and the third; and out they would rush through the door, while he sat wishing that the earth might open and swallow him up.

At last he got into trouble with the judge, too, because he had traded watches with a friend. To trade watches was low, said the judge; and his voice rolled with a fine indignation while he spoke. There was one thing, however, which was worse than trading watches and that was horse-trading. And when the judge gave John the benefit of his moral judgment of the different commercial transactions which took place in the valley, John began to comprehend that there were two points of view, one for gentlefolks with fixed incomes who had no need of mixing in trade, and another and lower one for all the rest. Every purchase and sale of real estate which was concluded in the district did, however, make business for the judge's office. John knew every forest and every farm that changed owners, and as he sat perched on his high stool writing deeds and contracts, he had, as it were, the whole pulsating commercial life of the valley right under his nose. It is not to be denied that it drew and tempted him sorely. He could almost have cried at times; and his eyes would blink and flash with a strange tickling desire, like those of a bird of prey which is getting ready for its swoop.

III.

Thus five years and a half passed, and John moved from one office-stool to another, until he sat next to the deputy. The judge declared him indispensable, and had been heard to praise him in the presence of the governor. Though less than twenty-five years old, he could safely count on a shrievalty before he was thirty. His life was a perpetual fight between his conscience, which had become judicially refined, and his robust, full-blooded nature. There is no reason to believe that his conscience would have endured the strain, if a new mystically exalting element had not invaded his existence. This was his love for the judge's eldest daughter, Jane Mathilda.

She was not exactly beautiful; but she was quiet, stiff, and delicate; tall, thin, and sufficient unto herself. There was a flavor of aristocracy about her whole personality; a kind of female translation of the impression which he felt at the sight of her father's proud erectness, his clean cuffs and beautiful white hands. The rustling of her dress on the stairs was meat and drink for John for an entire day, and a glimpse of her delicately wrought gold watch, attached to the belt about her stiff and slender waist, possessed an intoxicating power over him, arousing a whole world of seething emotion. She had spent several seasons in the capital; but amid all the glittering life she had found no one worthy to bestow her heart upon. John, in the mean while, was dimly aware that he was inconceivably miserable; and he quietly committed no end of what serious people who have their youth behind them call follies. Mathilda never failed to find a bundle of perfectly made quill-pens on her writing table; her penknife was always sharp as a razor; her errands and commissions were attended to as if by magic, and her letters found their way to the post-office at the most unreasonable hours. She had, indeed, in the midst of her aristocratic unapproachability a perception that her father's trusted clerk was her faithful knight and secret adorer; and in her way she was not unappreciative. She would at times honor him by directly asking him a favor; and there would be a quiet graciousness in her manner, and an exquisite friendliness in her smile, while her fingers glided up and down her watch-chain—which compensated John for much misery. Her blue eyes looked so trustful, as if to say that they knew they could rely on him! For all that, she was not slow to make him feel her displeasure, when, emboldened by her favor, he ventured most humbly to place a bouquet of pinks on her table on her birthday. He recognized his offering, a moment

later, in the middle of the great coarse bank of flowers which adorned the table in the hall, and he understood, with a heart full of bitterness, that that kind of attention was not acceptable.

The worst season of the year was the months immediately after Christmas, when Mathilda was going to balls in the city and lived at her uncle's. Her two younger sisters, Leah and Catharine, were, by this time, married, the one to a justice, the other to a captain. John stood at the topmost window in the house and stared at the sleigh in which she sat, until her hat and the veil and the fur cloak vanished among the snow-drifts. Life did not impress him as being particularly valuable while she was gone; until he found one day in the loft a pair of worn-out morocco slippers, which he sat brooding over night after night in melancholy solitude. Right in the middle of each sole there was a little round hole, the one a little smaller than the other. That was a sign that she was to become rich; that is to say, marry a rich man. He sat and stared through these two holes into the vacant air. In order to get news from her, he bribed the house-keeper who was the *confidante* of the gracious lady. And he suffered the tortures of the damned while listening to the story of Mathilda's triumphs, the offers she had received, those she was expecting, etc. It was an inexpressible relief when finally she returned, and apparently as heart-free as before. But not long after came a lieutenant from the city—the very one whom Mathilda had written about to her mother—and then his misery was renewed. That the vain fellow, though he was engaged in the peaceful occupation of surveying for the new railroad, still came tearing along every Sunday in full uniform and with a sword at his side, was of course none of John's business. What troubled him was that Mathilda did not appear to perceive his ridiculous hollowness. She listened to his bragging with an animation and interest which were calculated to feed the fellow's vanity rather than to discourage it. He stretched himself, with the broad red stripes on his trousers, in the judge's easy-chair; and if he had commenced to smoke the judge's own meerschaum, John was sure it would have been tolerated.

It was not to be endured. It was black, black, black—black as pitch. There she stood, tall and slender, among the berry bushes, with her parasol leaning on her shoulder, and permitted herself to be deluded by that cunning serpent. And John—he had no right to undeceive her. He stood at his office window, seething with rage, and at last turned his back on the unendurable spectacle. His

glance fell fiercely on his three-legged stool. He had imagined once that it might be used as a ladder to something—but he saw now that it was too short. To a shrievalty—that was as far as it reached. But what did Mathilda care for sheriffs? The rage seized him again; and as it calmed, he took a great resolution. Out from his cage—out into the free air! He had two strong fists. He would fill them both with dirt if necessary—that kind of commercial dirt which the judge so detested. But he would be his own man. He would show these fine fellows that it was not such a bad thing, after all, to hold a forest in his hands with an owner's right. His next step, after having had his first contract for lumber properly signed and witnessed, was to resign his position. The consternation and sorrow of the judge gave John a certain satisfaction. That Clerk Sunde had degraded himself to the position of a penniless "forest speculator" was, as the judge declared, one of the greatest disappointments of his long official career.

From that time forth John began to make havoc in the district. His conduct was characterized as a shameful violation of all the principles which his benefactor and his other patrons had endeavored to inculcate in him. It became the fashion to shrug one's shoulders, and to put a moral as well as an economical interrogation mark after Sunde's name and everything that he undertook. But if his reputation did not flourish, his speculations flourished only the more. It was a peculiarity of John Sunde that he never relied upon anybody's eyes but his own. He spent his time in the woods, in the company of his lumbermen; counted the trees and made calculations, until he had accumulated knowledge that was convertible into wealth. Though he did not escape an occasional mishap, yet before many years had passed it was admitted on all hands that John Sunde was a rich man. It occurred to no one now to withhold the respect due to his wealth and the ability which had acquired it. John, on the other hand, showed himself in nowise conciliatory. His broad license of speech made no concession to "cultured ears"; he seemed rather to find an increasing delight in shocking the sensibilities of "the better classes." He was now a magnate who could not very well be passed over in social life, and who might be considered as a not undesirable match for a daughter. Even though he paid no heed to the traditions of rank and respect which were in vogue in the valley, he displayed in communal affairs an ambition which was all-devouring. No peace, as long as any one was ahead

of him in the communal council. After various fights in which, by dint of a blind popular favor, he was always victorious, he became presiding officer. There he sat in his chair, square and broad-shouldered, with his broadcloth coat unbuttoned, silk kerchief a little awry, and his dark, gray-sprinkled hair in disorder. How he did "boss things!" How he did despatch business and put an end to palaver! The parish dialect shot forth in juicy, explosive sentences, accompanied by brown squirts from the quid of tobacco which he rolled between his short, solid rows of teeth. It was a voice which was accustomed to reach across the river, and the scornful grin with which he received all documents that came from the higher authorities said more plainly than words: "Say what you like, John Sunde will do what he likes. His forests, I reckon, are as good as your protocols." The same opinion was expressed still more emphatically by his thickly rolling, beautiful chirography in the protocol as well as by the mighty autograph: "John Sunde," with the magnificent flourish which came at the bottom.

Yes, to be sure, John Sunde was a personage—there was no denying that—an unrivalled parish king, popular with the people, because one of them. And now, after he had taken a greater number of shares in the new railroad than any one else, there would soon be no way of getting on with him. He walked with an air as if he owned the whole parish.

IV.

It was in the dark-gray days of autumn that the death of the judge occurred. In spite of the ill-will which had existed between the deceased and Lumber-dealer Sunde, the highway from the latter's estate to the church was strewed with pine twigs in honor of the funeral, and the flag hung at half-mast from his house. The event was not without its influence on Sunde. The white hands and clean cuffs of the dead man shone like a vision among the white calla lilies that covered the coffin. Every one has his secret; but no one would have dreamed that that which was deepest and most unchangeable in John Sunde was his old sentimental and romantic devotion for the judge's daughter, Mathilda. She and her father had from his childhood stood before him as the highest embodiments of gentility. The halo with which his youthful fancy had invested her was still untarnished.

It turned out—as might have been expected—that the judge's estate was pretty nearly bankrupt. The pension which Mrs. Wester-

gaard received would not go far now, especially as her second daughter was a widow, with three small children. Their prospects were accordingly not brilliant, and it was decided that Mathilda should move with her mother to the city and take up her abode with her widowed sister. John Sunde, who heard of this arrangement, walked about like a bottle of soda with a steel wire across its cork. It bubbled and hissed and labored within him. He stalked up and down with his wadmal trousers stuffed into the tops of his stout boots, stopped suddenly in his march and gazed vacantly out of the windows. It seemed to him that with Mathilda—though she was upwards of forty years old now—the sun of gentility which had beamed over the valley would vanish forever. The day was drawing nearer and nearer when she was to depart. At last it was rumored that the sheriff and the county clerk had each offered Mrs. Westergaard a horse to take her furniture to the city. Why John Sunde jumped up as if he had been shot at receiving this intelligence no one could comprehend; but the next minute he rushed up stairs, pulled on his finest clothes, ordered his horses, and started for the mansion.

Mathilda was at home. She was pale and quiet, as usual. But she had had some little experience of late, and the world looked no longer so smiling to her. She held herself erect yet, and conducted herself with tranquil dignity. She smiled, too, though her smile emphasized the tiny crows'-feet about her eyes. But the proud and ornamental Mathilda could not bear to die; could not endure the thought of becoming a governess or a dependent in the house of a shabby-genteel relative. She was sitting at the window now, pondering the fate that was in store for her, when she saw John Sunde drive up before the door.

. . . . . .

A little lie she did tell John Sunde—the only black spot in her white life. It was, after all, an innocent lie, and moreover a very useful one, without which her subsequent relation to John Sunde would not have been possible. Two scarlet roses, youthful and resplendent, leaped into John Sunde's cheeks when he heard Mathilda's lie. The next morning he stood bareheaded in the open air, and surveyed the ground for an extension of his house. Carpenters, painters, glaziers, and smiths were sent for; everything was to be enlarged, extended, renewed.

Mathilda knew what she was doing when she married John

Sunde. She knew the exact worth of what she gave—or sold ; and it became her purpose by a splendid hospitality to maintain her social status at its former level. John, too (to do him justice), had a vague idea of what he was doing ; that, in fact, it was a question of nothing less than to shut his umbrella and march into the cage again and put all his strong sense of manly authority out of sight. It was a difference as between the fresh, sharp river-breeze down in the valley, and the soft, warm air in the drawing-room, from which all the unpleasant draughts of life were excluded. Unhappily, however, his ideal Mathilda did not thrive in the river-breeze ; he had to seek her where she was to be found. People saw a great change in him after his marriage ; and they suspected that it was Mathilda who had wrought the change. It was not only the circumstance that the wolf-skin overcoat had been exchanged for one of seal-skin, and that he wore the finest French calf on his feet instead of, as formerly, cowhide ; but, what was far more remarkable, the mighty, boisterous parish king, who broke his broad, self-steered path with about the same amount of consideration as a snow-plough, became gradually a quiet, polite figure, who went through the social routine without discredit, very much as a recruit goes through his drill. He went, so to speak, at half steam through his own house, with an anxious consideration for the furniture, every piece of which seemed an integral part of his wife. At her beck he stood politely bowing at his door, choking down ancient enmities, and welcoming both the parson and the roadmaster and the sheriff. He had to refrain from playing euchre and talking lumber, and instead to play whist and Boston and discuss the news in the papers. The moment he caught sight of a guest from afar he had to submit to the torture of a starched shirt, and, in spite of all his submissiveness, in the end get a curtain lecture from Mathilda, if ever so slight a mishap occurred. Mathilda's everlasting text was the necessity of self-restraint and repose of manner, which, she said, constituted the difference between barbarians and cultivated people.

This was John's veneered side when he turned toward the world of society. There he was Mr. Sunde, the nice, quiet man, who could scarcely be found fault with for anything except an occasional refractory clearing of his throat and the tremendous nerve-shaking noise he made in sneezing. But there was another John Sunde, too, whose life had its secret elevations and depressions, which the gentle but ever-watchful eyes of Mathilda did not reach. They followed him in

the winter from the windows, until his smart sleigh vanished among the trees on the highway; but beyond the hill, where the road took a turn, lay a territory unknown to her and indefinable, comprehended in the term "lumber." From behind the same hill he would emerge in the same sleigh, four or five weeks later, with a face as red and weather-beaten as if it had been frozen and thawed out again. Here and there, on his chin and cheeks, were patches of court-plaster, indicative of his sanguinary struggles with the razor in the morning. He came home like the north wind, loud-voiced and fierce with snow and frost, and needed several days of domestic discipline before regaining his hushed and gentle manner.

Norse antiquity teems with traditions of men who, during certain seasons of the year, changed their guise and roamed about the forests as were-wolves. It is not improbable that these may have been husbands whose domestic relations were as repressive as those of John Sunde, and whose savage natures regularly vented themselves in going to the woods. They probably went about in heroic silence in the matrimonial cage until the Berserkir rage came over them, and their wolf-nature cried out for fresh air.

Leaving the sleigh behind him at the last tenant-farm up in the out-fields, John lived the life of a savage and a trapper in the woods behind the many mountain ridges which shut out the horizon from Mrs. Mathilda's windows. He trudged indefatigably for days and nights with clogs on his feet, through swamps and moors, where he stepped knee-deep in the wet snow and slush, and his lumbermen scarcely were able to follow him. He galloped about like a frisky horse which had been stabled too long. His indignant commands resounded from mountain to mountain, and made the drivers and lumbermen jump where they sat about the camp-fires. He roamed about from one camp to another, rested and spent the night with his workmen, rejoiced his soul with a laborer's fare—oaten cakes, herring, and dried beef, which he whittled off the bone with his knife, as he sat talking upon a stump. His bed was made of juniper twigs in a rude hut, the crevices of which were chinked with moss. In the early morn, while the moon was yet shining upon the frozen snow, he was on his feet and roused the camp with his stentorian call. With his axe on his shoulder he trudged along, cut down trees, and was more proud of the fact that his hands did not blister, than he had ever been of his finest chirographical flourishes.

Mrs. Mathilda would have drawn down the corners of her mouth

if she had received the confession from her husband that he never spent happier hours than during these business excursions in forests and wildernesses, when he sat in the pine hut, warming his knees at the fire, smoking plug tobacco out of a short clay pipe, and listening to the rushing of the wind through the tree-tops. This was, however, not the only secret which John Sunde kept from his wife. During the five dark years of the financial crisis, when the prices of lumber went steadily down, he had his anxious hours which she knew nothing about until prosperity had returned. She was small comfort to him in those days, when he walked about silent and apprehensive, drumming nervously on the window-panes, and with a sensation as if needles were piercing his scalp whenever the mail arrived. While his whole fate depended upon whether the bank would accept his last draft, his eldest daughter Hanna—a clever girl of fifteen or sixteen —came skipping into the room and held the letters behind her back, begging him to guess whether there was anything for him. She corresponded with ten girl friends about her emotions, and turned her heart inside out to all of them, like a pocket. John Sunde had nerves like anchor cables; but there were some things which tried even him sorely. When Hanna trilled Schumann on the piano, and deliberated with her mother concerning the choice of color for a dress, while to him life or death seemed to be trembling in the balance, then his patience was strained to the utmost, and he pulled his fingers till the joints cracked so that the ladies had to leave the room.

As the prices began to rise and the sun of prosperity again shone upon the house of Sunde, the rate of expenditures also increased. Hanna had to be sent to the city; she had to spend some years at a *pension* in Switzerland; two governesses had to be engaged to educate the two younger daughters, and there was no end of expensive necessities which had to be provided. Then, unhappily, the governesses were so aristocratic that they could not be asked to ride backward, and if there was one thing which John Sunde could not endure, it was to be seen by the whole parish riding backward in his own carriage. He usually compromised by mounting the box and taking the reins himself. This was entirely in accordance with Mrs. Mathilda's programme. She felt so safe, she said, when Mr. Sunde held the reins. If he only would not make the horses go at full speed down the hills! But it was of no use remonstrating with Mr. Sunde on that point. He sat and glanced with mischievous

pleasure at the governesses, who stared, pale with fright, over the edge of the road, at the cataract which roared and thundered below.

At the end of three years, Hanna, the prodigy of the family, was to return home. Expectations were great, and they were not disappointed. She had made a number of most distinguished acquaintances abroad. She corresponded with friends who wrote a "de" or a "von" before their names, and her mother was enchanted. The father was, perhaps, less so. For the very same morning that he had, not without grumbling, paid some exorbitant bills for "extras," the daughter chose to call his attention to the fact that she had not asked to come into the world, but, being once here, she had certain claims upon him which she hoped he would meet. After this morning lecture, to which John had listened without remonstrance, though the blue veins in his forehead swelled alarmingly, a drive was proposed for the purpose of making calls. As the landau drove up before the door, John Sunde quietly planted himself on the back seat at his wife's side. A sulky silence followed this act of insubordination, and Mrs. Mathilda's face indicated that she meant to have a change in that arrangement before long.

"You are not comfortable, Hanna, dear," she began, when various minor hints had remained unheeded.

Hanna turned her face, full of offended dignity, to her mother. For a lady like her to ride backward! It was outrageous!

"Hanna has not got a very good seat," observed Mrs. Sunde still more ominously. "She will get her hat and dress ruined by the dust."

John Sunde's attention was exclusively absorbed by the river.

"What is the matter, Hanna, dear?" asked her mother, with rising agitation.

"I shall have to pass over the manner of conveyance when I write to my friends in the *pension* of my first calls at home," said Hanna, in an injured voice. "I would not, for all the world, have them see me. It would be absolutely improper."

"Your father has no thought for anything but his eternal lumber," remarked the mother pointedly, when it appeared that Hanna's complaint had had no effect.

The carriage rolled on.

"Hanna, my child, you are ill!" cried the mother. "Sunde, do you not see the child is ill?"

"Oh, she will soon get well," said the imperturbable John Sunde.

"Sunde!"

It was a cry of horror that broke from the tall, severe lady, with the gray curls. She was on the point of losing her self-control. Her deeply-injured daughter burst into tears.

"I will tell you one thing, Hanna," said Sunde, with an ominous tremor in his voice, "that if you do not like it in the carriage, you can walk. If I have made a fool of myself for your mother, that is no reason why I should make a fool of myself for you. So far and no farther."

A sudden silence fell upon the occupants of the carriage. But as they approached the little house on the hill above the ferry, Sunde pointed with his stick at it, and said:

"Look there, my dear Hanna. In that house my mother and your grandmother went about barefooted. She was a happy woman if once in a long while, she got a chance to ride backward to church in a rickety cart."

The dust of the highway hid, as in a cloud, the large, gray head of John Sunde and the parasols and ostrich-plumed hats of his ladies.

CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

A CHAT ABOUT PERIODICALS.

THE periodical literature of an age is a better index of its intellectual life than its books. The periodical not only samples the literary wares of the day, but is from its very nature more *ex tempore* in its topics and its treatment. Moreover, one of its chief functions is to pronounce the critical judgment of the period upon its books. There never was a more accurate name for this class of publications than that of *Mirror*. They are analogous to that ingenious arrangement of reflectors outside of our windows, whereby persons living on a thoroughfare observe the whole moving procession of the streets while themselves unobserved. The newspaper (the *journal* proper) is the mirror of the day. The magazine is the mirror of the times, in a more extended, and yet in a more restricted sense. We go to the journal to find out what the world is doing—at least what it did yesterday. We go to the magazine for what the world is thinking, or, thinking of its thinking. In other words, the one gives us a view, and the other the review, of the time.

These rather trite reflections have acquired freshness to our mind by a restrospect of periodical literature, naturally suggested by the present venture of the NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. For while we chiefly emphasize the "new" in our title, we have no desire to suppress our claim to the "good will" which may fairly attach to an honored record of sixty-one years, since "Mr. Hodge began in January, 1825, the publication of a quarterly journal under the title of the *Biblical Repertory, a Collection of Tracts in Biblical Literature.*" Let us see what was the state of the periodical world just then? The *Revue des Deux Mondes* was not in existence. The *Edinburgh Review* had only attained its majority two years before. The *Quarterly* was a youth of sixteen, *Blackwood* a child of eight, and the *Westminster* a babe of a year old, which was expected to play the infant Hercules with the "superstitions" that Mr. Hodge came forward to champion with his quiver of "Tracts." That pioneer and "Old Parr" among magazines, *The Gentleman's*, was already within six years of being a centenarian. The past was full of the gravestones of defunct periodicals, "gone glimmering" (with solar or firefly radiance) "through the dream of things that were." The evolution of *Contemporaries*, and *Cornhills*, and *Chambers' Journals*, and *Belgravias* was still to come. And yet it may almost be said that the periodical literature of England was created a full-grown Adam. Has there ever been such magazine writing since as that of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith,

Macaulay, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wilson and Maginn? Certainly, and happily, there has been no such reviewing as that of what might be called the "slugger" age of criticism, when the giants of those days thought the function of the critic was to meet every aspirant for literary honors at the door by a blow between the eyes, or to stand like the "men in armor" on the threshold of Bunyan's Palace, "being resolved to do to the men that would enter, what hurt and mischief they could."

Are there no indications that American criticism in certain quarters is trying to reach the point where British criticism began, and that we are in danger of a crop of little Jeffreys and Giffords and Lockharts, the oracularity of whose snap judgments is only equalled by their narrowness of standard and of sympathy, and by their superficial examination of what they criticise? There is surely no quickening of the moral sense more needed than in the case of those to whom is committed the prerogative of passing judgment upon contemporary literature. Blessed is he who sitteth not in the seat of the scornful! There is, of course, a glaring lack of integrity in an indiscriminate "geniality," which takes counsel chiefly of its own good nature, or of the advertising publisher's good will. But may it not be better in the result, that ten poor books should be allowed to pass than that the promise of one good book should be chilled in the bud?

We do not find that any of the numerous magazine "slips" stuck into our American soil had taken root in 1825, except the *North American Review*, established ten years before, and *Atkinson's Casket* (afterward *Graham's Magazine*), dating from 1821, the *New York Mirror* and the *Christian Examiner* (a Unitarian organ), two and one year old respectively; an eclectic or two of foreign literature, and two or three specialist periodicals, like *Silliman's Journal of Science*.

It is slightly bewildering, and not a little pathetic, to trace this struggle for existence, wherein at least nine out of ten of these enterprises succumbed after a career ranging from three or four numbers to twenty years. And the percentage of survivals has not been greater since. The statement has recently appeared, that "there are actually fewer magazines published in the United States to-day than thirty years ago." There is always a class of literary men whose mission seems to be to try experiments of this kind, Arctic voyagers, whose assaults upon a cold world, undaunted by the bleaching wrecks of their predecessors, are as tragic as they are heroic. One hardly dares to think of the high hopes and ambitions with which these ill-fated ventures were freighted. One of the most noteworthy of these persevering adventurers was Robert Walsh, the son of an Irish father and a Quaker mother, a distinguished publicist, one of those men who supply the brains for their political parties without getting many of the honors or emoluments. He was all his life engineering one periodical or another; *The American Review of History and Politics*, the first quarterly in this country, and mostly written by himself; *The American Register; The American Quarterly Review*, which lasted ten years; besides *The National Gazette*, a newspaper;—all of

them published in Philadelphia. He was also connected with *The American Magazine of Foreign Literature*, afterward continued as *Littell's Living Age*. His style was clear, scholarly, and characterized by suavity as well as strength in discussion. He did much to advance and elevate this department of our literature, and no notice of the early history of American periodicals can pass him by.

Has it always been a survival of the fittest? Who is so innocent, in this "business" age, as not to know that something more than brains or silken sails is needed to float the argosies of literature? The shrewd founder of one of our most successful magazines conditioned his assuming the editorship upon the obtaining of a certain man as business manager—a name since known as that of the Napoleon of the periodical world. There is no use in shutting our eyes to the unspiritual fact, that the key to success must be found, sooner or later, not in the table of contents nor in the tale of contributors, but in the subscription list. Literature and civilization have a financial side, and even religion must keep a bank account in these days. About the same proportion of periodicals has "failed," we should judge, as of mercantile houses,—that is to say, about ninety-five out of a hundred. And the success of the remnant in both cases,—is it not due to the same cause, an ability to see and to seize the golden opportunity which the infinitesimal "now" is always presenting? To be a little before the time is to be the martyr of one's age; to be a little behind is to be its fool. That which in Shakespeare's day was the function of the stage is far more the mission of the periodical in ours, to "show the age and body of the time its form and pressure." The name "periodical" should imply not only regularity of recurrence, but the bringing forth of fruit in the season thereof; and therefore it will not do to offer raisins in the time of grapes, nor oysters in August. The old PRINCETON REVIEW owed its longevity not so much to its being eminently sound and solid, as to its being thoroughly alive, and abreast with the thought and topics of the time in its particular department,—in a word, in its *not* proving to be "a collection of tracts." Dr. Hodge himself was remarkable for his lucid and interesting way of putting things, and he had the editorial instinct for what was timely, and what men's minds were, consciously or unconsciously, waiting for. And those were wise as well as memorable gatherings in his study, where he met with his staff "for the discussion and decision of the policy of the REVIEW," and "for the reading and criticism of articles." Not that the past is to be ignored, but rather to be ransacked for spoils to enrich the present, and, above all, presented from the standpoint of the present. By all means let us have the Horatian turbot and lampreys and peacock, and the old English boar, but let them be served with nineteenth century sauces.

THE PARNELLITE DEMANDS.

WHEN Mr. Parnell opened the Irish campaign at Wicklow on the 5th of last October, he boldly built his platform of a single plank—legislative inde-

pendence. He was impatient of any restrictions or conditions accompanying this privilege, and advised English statesmen "to trust the Irish people altogether or to trust them not at all." To Mr. Gladstone's proviso that, whatever autonomy was granted to Ireland the supremacy of the Crown and the unity of the Empire must be assured, his only reply was: "Give our people power to legislate on all domestic concerns and you may depend on one thing—the desire for separation at least will not be increased or intensified." To Mr. Chamberlain's demand for assurance that Irish industries would not be protected at the cost of England's, he answered: "I have claimed for Ireland's Parliament that it shall have power to protect Irish manufactures, should that be the will of the Irish people." These were the Irish leader's demands before the battle was fought. Now that he is a victor who can make or unmake a Ministry, it is not reasonable to suppose that he will be contented with less.

No fuller outline of the Nationalist demands has been authoritatively announced, but from the correspondence of those who claim close personal relations with Irish leaders, it seems possible to fill in, somewhat, Mr. Parnell's broad outline. It is almost certain that the Parnellites would accept a Viceroy, preferably an Irishman, who should be the "medium of official communication" between Dublin and London, summon Ministers, and approve acts. They want the Irish Parliament to be devised by the Irish people in a convention representing all sections of opinion. They would grant a reasonable representation to the Loyalist minority. Absolute autonomy in Irish local affairs must be given the Parliament, with control of the police and taxation. It should have nothing to do with coinage, postal affairs, or foreign relations—these remaining with the Imperial Government, which would also be expected to maintain the seaboard defences. Ireland would not contribute anything to the Exchequer of the Empire, and would ask nothing from it except aid in solving the land problem. The veto power might be lodged with the Viceroy, the Privy Council, or the Imperial Parliament. In the last-named body the Nationalists do not care to be represented

With slight modifications this is probably a fair summary of the Parnellite demands. How far Mr. Gladstone is willing to grant them, and to what extent he can carry his party with him in his concessions, it is idle to speculate at this writing,* when the great Liberal leader is marshalling his forces for the struggle and encouraging all shades of opinion with oracular utterances which may mean much or little. The one significant fact is the appointment of Mr. John Morley as Chief Secretary for Ireland, a man committed to conciliation, land purchase, and Home Rule. "If Mr. Morley," says Justin McCarthy, "is not sent as a prelude to Home Rule the whole thing is a failure so far as Ireland is concerned, but I fully believe he is so sent."

But Mr. Morley believes that the land question should be settled before

* February 10th.

Home Rule, and Mr. Chamberlain agrees with him. Mr. Gladstone asserts that "whatever is to be done for Ireland should be done with all the promptitude that the nature of the case admits of," and yet foreshadows a preliminary inquiry which may delay legislation for weeks. Opposed to them stands Mr. Parnell, insisting on precedence for the Home Rule question. Behind him are more than eighty Nationalist members of Parliament ready to tip the scale of parties as he may direct.

In this delicate situation those who predict an early dissolution would seem to have reasonable grounds for the faith that is in them.

THE KINETIC VIEW OF MATTER.

THE mathematical theories of physics are undergoing a change which profoundly influences the thought and work not only of the professed mathematician but of the humbler experimentalist as well. They are gradually being shifted from their old foundations laid on assumed forces, "Primary Causes," as Fourier called them, "which cannot be known," and planted upon the broader and more fundamental basis of energy. They are ceasing to be static, and are becoming kinetic.

The conception of matter used by the past generation of mathematicians, was essentially a static one. A body was conceived to be made up of molecules kept from indefinite separation by molecular attractions, kept from actual contact by the repulsions of a hypothetical heat fluid. The phenomena of gravitation, electricity, and magnetism were explained by other forces, residing either in the molecules themselves or in fluids pervading the body. By reason of the interaction of such forces the molecules assumed definite positions, which they retained so long as the forces between them remained the same. When these forces varied, as during the passage of a sound wave, the molecules were displaced, but returned to their original positions after the passage of the disturbance.

Notwithstanding the artificiality of the system, its simplicity and the facility with which it admitted of the application of analysis commended it to the theoretical physicists, and the agreement of many of the deduced results with the results of observation gave strong support to the tendency to accept it not merely as an elaborate piece of symbolism, but as an actual representation of the constitution of bodies. Although many outstanding facts almost compelled a different conception, the use of any other system more in harmony with these facts was rendered the less necessary, as physicists were then laboring for the development of certain laws of forces, inductions from observation, which for mathematical purposes needed and perhaps admitted no more fundamental explanation. The artificial system which they used served excellently as a framework upon which to exhibit these laws and their consequences.

Within the last few years the objective point of the mathematical physi-

cist has been removed to a far more remote and difficult region. The aim of the old physics was to discover the laws of forces; the aim of the new physics is to give a mechanical explanation of those laws. A physical law is explained when it is referred to some properties of matter which are considered more fundamental; and the explanation is a mechanical one when the law is shown to arise from the motions of matter. The proof that the disappearance of a definite amount of mechanical energy is accompanied by the production of an equivalent amount of heat, and the consequent acceptance of "heat as a mode of motion" was the first step in the general advance. It showed that in one department at least a mechanical explanation was possible.

The first-fruits of the new departure was the kinetic theory of gases. According to this theory, a gas is made up of an enormous number of molecules, which move about with great velocities among themselves, "like bees in a swarm." The pressure of a gas is accounted for by the blows given by these molecules to the walls of the vessel containing them. The temperature of the gas depends upon the kinetic energy of the molecules. Other properties of gases are explained easily and adequately by the same hypothesis, numerical relations can be found which are verified by experiment, and even the extreme cases when the gases are near their condensation points and when they are extremely rare have been worked up with much success by Van der Waals and Osborne Reynolds. Yet, even in this, which is by far the most complete of any of the kinetic theories, there are still fundamental problems which have not been cleared up. The physicists assembled at the last meeting of the British Association discussed these questions at length. The task is to find or devise some mechanical model of a molecule which will obey the ordinary laws of gases, conform to certain experimental numerical relations, radiate and absorb light and heat, and, in fact, do all that a real gas molecule does. It cannot be said that all difficulties have been removed. Enough has been done, however, to turn controversy away from the general method to details.

In spite of the mathematical difficulties offered by the method of analysis involved, Helmholtz is engaged in extending the kinetic theory to solids and liquids as well as gases.

In the department of optics the kinetic conception of matter is revolutionizing the science. Optics was for a long time the best developed of the departments of physics. It was looked upon as theoretically complete. But the discovery of anomalous dispersion, that is, the property possessed by certain bodies of forming a spectrum in which the colors are arranged in a different order from that which they have when the spectrum is formed by a glass prism, undermined the whole edifice. A reconstruction of the theory is now being rapidly carried forward on the foundation of the kinetic conception of matter. Much is still undeveloped and many difficulties remain to be overcome, but physicists are in the main agreed to seek for

a solution of them in the interaction of the ether and the vibrating molecules of ordinary matter.

In no other department of physics have the efforts to establish mechanical explanations of the forces involved been so successful. Most of them start from the basis of the discovery by Helmholtz of the properties of a vortex in a perfect fluid. By means of such vortices Maxwell sought to explain magnetic forces and the magnetic action on light. Sir Wm. Thomson's famous vortex-atom theory, in which the atoms of matter are supposed to be vortices set up in a primordial fluid "world-stuff," is fruitful in explanations in a general way of the phenomena due to the so-called molecular forces and of the main facts of chemistry. It has been applied by J. J. Thomson to a discussion of the laws of gases. In other branches it has never yet been put to any rigorous test, on account of the analytical difficulties involved in the discussion of even the simplest forms of vortices.

This universal search for explanations of the physical forces has changed the object and method of physical investigation. It now seeks for causes rather than laws. It proceeds on the foundation of a profound study of mechanics. And, above all, it is no longer chary of guess-work and provisional statements. Newton's well-known boast, when he disclaimed any attempt to explain the law of gravitation, "*Hypotheses non fingo*," might almost be reversed as the motto of some of the most renowned of our modern philosophers.

PRISON LABOR.

THE man with a grievance has been the means of treating us to a good deal of discussion lately on the subject of prison labor. A minute fraction of what has been brought forward is instructive and practical; most of the propositions advanced are, however, fallacious and visionary.

That our present prison system is radically wrong seems to be the platform on which philanthropist and political reformer, socialist and labor agitator stand together. That it is not perfect, perhaps that it is not as efficient as it might be, we may without hesitation admit; but that it is wholly bad and contains no elements of good we deny. The whole question of prisons and their administration is too broad a one to be gone into here. But we may offer a few words on the phase of it that is concerned with the labor of the convicts.

There are three modes of employing convicts: First, the contract system, which is that adopted by most prisons, especially in the Northern States, and consists in letting the labor of the convicts to a contractor, the work to be carried on in the prison, for so much per day or per piece. The second is the lessee system, practised in Georgia and one or two other States, by which the convicts are leased at a fixed price per month or year to an employer who is wholly responsible for their discipline, food, clothing, and labor; in fact, the

lessee has entire charge of the care and maintenance of the convicts. The third, is the so-called public or State account plan; under this the prison authorities purchase raw material, manufacture goods, and sell them in open market, using the labor of the convicts.

The lessee system we need not consider further. It is no system of prison labor at all, but a system for shirking all duties and responsibilities in the matter. It evidently leaves entirely out of all consideration the reformatory function of prison discipline.

The contract system falls into two parts—where each convict's labor is paid for at a fixed price per day, and where the product of convict labor is taken by the contractor at so much per piece. The former is generally known as the contract system, and the latter is the famous "piece price plan," which has engaged the attention of various State legistatures and prison authorities for some time past.

There are then three systems—the State account, contract, and piece price—that are entitled to be judged on their merits. No man, whose charitable interest in the criminal class is sincere and whose economical theories are sound, can object to the employment of the convicts in some way. The community ought not to be charged with the comfortable support of those who break its laws, to any greater extent than is absolutely necessary; and a period of incarceration spent in idleness would injure the convict physically, mentally, and morally. We must therefore admit as a factor in the problem, that the prisoners shall be employed. What mode, then, is best for the prisoner and least costly to the community?

The State account plan has been often tried, and seldom with satisfactory results. The officials have no personal interest in the success of their industry, and perhaps no capacity to direct it. It involves many complications of management; and, in short, it is not the State's business to enter the field of manufacturing industries as a competitor. Competition with free labor becomes under this plan quite prominent, while, as we shall show, under the contract system, properly guarded, it is insignificant and unappreciable.

The contract system has been especially attacked by the labor agitators on account of its competition with free labor, and by the prison reformer because of its failure to provide the prisoner with an environment that would exert a reformatory influence. The last objection is not vital as against the contract system itself, but only applies to an incident of its practical application, which there should be no insuperable difficulty in removing. The labor agitator has absolutely no ground for his complaint, and if made sincerely, which we doubt, it is made in ignorance. In 1880 only 23,524 convicts throughout the whole United States were employed in industries requiring skilled labor, and these industries were 108 in number. Comparing free laborers and convict laborers numerically, it has been recently shown that the percentage of the latter to the former is only 1.83; and as a convict's labor is only about sixty per cent. of that of a free

workman, the competing power of convict labor in this country is only a trifle over one per cent. And our prisons have an annual out-put of about $20,000,000, while the value of the manufactured products of the country is over $5,000,000,000 annually. That this competition amounts to anything appreciable, we need not trouble ourselves to deny.

But the labor agitator insists that even five hundred pairs of shoes made by prison labor may be sold at a rate which causes a general reduction in prices. This strikes us as being about on a par with objecting to the street vender of oranges and peanuts, because of his competition with a first-class fruit store. As a matter of fact, the prices are sustained despite the cry of prison competition, and we cannot but regard it as raised for selfish purposes by those professional agitators whose concern for the laboring man's welfare is most extraordinary, but whose personal expenditure of force is principally vocal.

Then, if the element of competition amounts to little or nothing, it is merely a question of fact as to whether the contract system, pure and simple, or the "piece price" plan affords the better results. The contract system has the benefit of successful experience, and its results, especially in New York, were most gratifying. Where the "piece price" plan has been substituted, the results, particularly in Ohio and New Jersey, have been less satisfactory than those attained under the contract system. The "piece price" plan is beset with numerous difficulties of administration ; it involves a somewhat intimate knowledge of numerous and various manufacturing industries on the part of the prison officials, a knowledge which few, if any, of them possess or can readily acquire, and—as an *argumentum ad hominem* against the labor agitator, its principal supporter—its practical result in one large prison at least has been to enable the contractor to put the finished goods upon the market at a less cost for manufacture than ever before. So that if, as the agitator insists, prison labor competes unfairly with free labor, that competition must be greater under the "piece price" plan than under the contract system.

The fact is, that our systems of prison labor need overhauling. But they must have it at the hands of competent, experienced, and unprejudiced men. The theoretical dissertations of the professional reformer and the crude legislation brought about by ambitious politicians and noisy agitators, will not accomplish any real improvement. We want a uniform prison system that shall afford an opportunity for reformatory influences to reach the convict, that shall keep him regularly employed at some productive industry and that shall not be a heavy burden upon the community. In the light of our present experience we believe that such results can best be attained under the contract system ; though it might be well to introduce restrictions limiting the number of men to be employed in any one industry, and to put a stop to rings of contractors obtaining prison labor at unreasonably low rates, by forbidding the authorities to make any contract which should not return at least sixty cents per day for each convict's labor.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE subject of international copyright, which is again occupying the attention of Congress, is very simple, easily understood. If authors, as a class, would utter their own demands they would probably compel the enactment of a just copyright law.

The purpose of copyright laws is to give to the producer of brain work, as nearly as possible, that same property in what he produces which a farmer has in the crop he raises, or an artisan or laborer has in the work of his hands.

Is it right that a man should own his brain-produce? No honest man doubts it. It is settled as a principle of civilization. To deny to the author such ownership would be barbaric.

But there are men who say that although an American ought to own the work of his brain in America, he ought not to own it in any other country, and that a foreigner ought not to be protected in any ownership of literary property in America. They make this exception, that if every foreigner who wants copyright in America will give some American publisher a share of his property he may then be protected in what is left of it. A specimen of one of the devices to accomplish this taxation for American private pockets may be seen in a bill introduced January 21, into the Senate of the United States by Mr. Chace. It is intended to legalize robbery of foreign authors, while it professes to give them copyright in America. This bill requires as the basis of such copyright, that the foreign author shall take out copyright here within fifteen days after publication in a foreign country, and shall publish an American edition within three months after taking out copyright. It requires him to deposit two copies of his American publication, however expensive, and pay $1.00 a volume in addition, as a fee for copyright. It prohibits the importation of any copies of his European edition, requiring their seizure and destruction in custom-houses or post-offices. In case, therefore, of the publication of a cheap American edition it would be illegal and impossible for any American to procure a copy of a European edition. This bill, to encourage American piracy, also provides that after an American publisher has contracted with a foreign author to publish his book, if the American chooses at any time to abandon the publication, the copyright shall become void, and all other American publishers be free to publish the work. This would be mortgaging the foreign author, body and soul, to the American manufacturer. The provisions of the bill are simply contemptible, conceived in all the iniquity of men plotting for plunder, or inventing methods of securing stolen goods for re-manufacture. The enactment of such law would disgrace every Senator who should vote for it, entitling him to be placed by authors forever after in the pillory of history. The whole subject would be much better let alone than thus made the means of dishonesty.

There was formerly, among laws which perpetuated the barbaric practices of earlier times, a law which gave to the local lord of the rocks and sands on the sea-coast a right to plunder unfortunate vessels driven on his

shores by storms. In some countries they went a little farther, and not only took the property but enslaved the persons of the shipwrecked. Exactly this practice is upheld by some men as good American practice. There is a large amount of valuable literary property, drifting across-sea to American shores out of the immediate control of its owners, and there are manufacturers who insist that no law be passed to prevent their appropriating this property, and filling their pockets with the plunder of the unprotected owners.

Their doctrine is, that if a foreigner has produced brain work which is worth money, and therefore worth stealing, Americans ought to be free to steal it and sell it, unless the foreigner pays a tax to some American. To the honest American mind this doctrine is abhorrent. Vile as it is, however, it is preached, advocated, defended, and in general sustained by our laws as they now exist.

How this barbarism comes to be part of American law it is not difficult to explain. Authors are producers of an enormous amount of raw material for manufacturers. Publishers are purchasers of this raw material, which they manufacture into periodicals and books. Authors as a class are not business men. They have not formed labor unions. They have not even attempted, until quite recently, to assert their existence as an independent class of producers among the labor industries of the country. They are actually producing millions of dollars' worth of material, on which is built up the publishing interest, which represents in the commercial industries of America an annual amount which may be safely estimated at ten times the total amount paid to authors for the raw material. For example, of each dollar paid by the people for a book, the manufacturing and bookselling interest gets on an average over ninety per cent., the producer of the raw material, the author, gets less than ten per cent.

These are two distinct industries, the producing and the manufacturing. The copyright laws are designed solely to declare and protect the property of the producer in that which he produces. They are intended to enable the author to own and sell his produce, so that he shall be as nearly as possible in the same condition that a cotton-grower is with his crop of cotton.

In considering changes in the nature or extent of the author's property in his produce, it is plain enough that the persons to be consulted by Congress are authors. It is very certain that Congress would consult only, or first of all, the planter or the sheep-farmer, if laws were under discussion affecting the property of the producer in cotton or wool. If, as in the present case, there was a necessity for and a proposal to enact a statute to this effect: "Any man who shall on his own land grow cotton, or raise wool, shall own such cotton or wool and have right to sell or otherwise enjoy it," it is beyond question that Congress and the people would ridicule any manufacturer who should claim a right to be consulted specially, or should say that he, being a manufacturer, has a quasi mortgage on all cotton and wool-growers in all the world.

Yet this is precisely the claim which has been put forward by some pub-

lishers as manufacturers of books. It is made prominent in one and another bill before Congress. Authors, sound asleep to the interests of authorship as an industry, have allowed these publishers to arrogate to themselves, undisputed, the representation of authorship. In effect, Congressmen and publishers have been for years consulting together and devising laws for the division of profits in selling what authors produce; treating authors as a class of poor garret-workers, servants, or dependents on publishing houses, having no interests, except what publishers may graciously grant them, in the work of their own brains and hands.

But for this class of publishers, the copyright laws of America would long ago have been just and righteous. They have blocked legislation by a steady attempt to impose on American authors a perpetual tax for the benefit of foreign publishers, in order that they themselves may have on foreign authors the same perpetual tax for the benefit of American publishers.

Congressmen and others have been caught by these publishers with the plausible pretext that they only seek protection against foreign book manufacturers. But this is a very mean pretext. If protection is wanted, publishers might be content to stand before Congress with other manufacturers of goods and receive protection by the general tariff laws. They have such protection now. Perhaps they ought to have more; perhaps less. That does not concern the copyright question, and has no relation to the subject, "what property shall a man have in the work of his brain and hands?"

But it is not protection at all which is sought. The proposal is in plain words, to enact: "No foreigner shall have a right to own and enjoy, in America, any work his brain produces, unless he shall enter into a contract with an American publisher to pay him a share of all the money he gets for the sale of it." The American publisher thus asks a mortgage on the brains of all the world for the benefit of his own pocket. And he asks this in addition to all the protection which the laws now give him against foreign manufacturers of books!

The old tradition of a natural antagonism between authors and publishers, has never been founded in truth. By assuming this position on copyright, publishers are raising such an antagonism; and authors are beginning to unite, as a class, to take their own side in this, which is a distinct case of antagonistic interests.

The real question now under discussion does not relate to old or existing copyrights which publishers have purchased. No change in the law will, or can, affect existing property. The question relates to the future.

It is this question: "How shall laws be devised to secure ownership and enjoyment of their produce in authors of the twentieth and twenty-first and all after centuries?" Or, perhaps the present question may be put thus: "What men and women shall hereafter own in America the workmanship of their brains and hands, so that they can sell it for money?"

In neither question has any publisher, as a publisher, the remotest interest.

If he claims that he has such interest it can be on no other pretext than this, that his interest is in preventing any ownership in as much as possible of the raw material of his manufactory, so that he may seize that material without paying the producer for it, and himself manufacture and sell it. Ashamed to take this boldly dishonorable position, he asserts, without a shadow of right, a claim that the producer ought to pay him a tax; or, in default of that, the law ought to give him free right to plunder the producer.

It must be stated here that there are publishers, honorable, honest men, who take no part in this nefarious scheme to secure a mortgage on authors of all nations. Our remarks apply only to those publishers who ask Congress to annex to copyright laws a proviso that an author shall have no copyright unless he employs a publisher. For such is the broad principle underlying the demand.

Now, if authors understand their own needs from Congress, they are all-powerful to assert them. This is what they need. At present when an author has produced literature which has pecuniary value, that value exists because he can take out copyright, and then sell it, either publishing it himself, or selling the work to a publisher. The value depends on the extent of market for sale. If a New York author could only get a copyright for the State of New York, the value would be comparatively small, and he could get but a small pay for his labor. If his copyright extended through several States, or through the entire United States, or through all the English reading world, or through all nations into whose languages his work might be translated, the value would increase in proportion to the enlarged market. To tell an author in a remote town, that she or he may have this extended market by opening negotiations with publishers in various countries and making contracts to publish, is pure absurdity. Hundreds of books do not acquire popularity and pay new authors until one, two or three years after publication. Innumerable authors acquire popularity only after publishing several books, and it is the third, fourth or fifth book which arouses the reading world to buying the earlier books. These earlier books, according to the ingenious publishers' clause in the proposed law, would be free plunder to foreign publishers. What the American author needs is to be able, when he offers his work for sale to the publisher, to offer a property good all the world over. Then if he makes a royalty contract, he will be sure to receive pay for any increased sales in after-years, by reason of increased popularity and demand for the work. The most sure and safe road to securing this, which all honest Americans agree is his right, is to persuade his own government to do simple justice to all authors of all nations. First let the United States abandon its present barbaric attitude in copyright law. Let all men have as equal ownership in their brain produce here as they have in their pocket-books. Catch and punish the thief who steals an Englishman's literary work, exactly as we now catch and punish the thief who steals his handiwork, his watch, or his money.

How shall authors go to work to accomplish this? We have already

said they are a powerful guild. They have more power than any other class in this country, if they combine to assert and wield it. At present they are involved in too many entangling alliances with the guild of publishers. Authors as a class, and publishers as a class, cannot work together before Congress. Their interests are opposed, because of the fact that publishers have created this antagonistic position ; and publishers have no business whatever before Congress, in this copyright matter, and no interest there except to secure a mortgage on future authorship. Authors should act therefore in union and independently. They have a power which is independent of all other classes of the community. They hold the present reputation and the future fame of Congressmen, and of individuals of all professions and employments. They are at work in this matter in the interest of justice against injustice, honesty against free robbery, principles of civilization against practices of barbarism. They have to deal with men of various characters and surroundings, upon whom they can bring to bear the power of authorship as the great judge and approver of right, the condemner to infamy of wrong-doers. They can hand over those whom they justly condemn as supporters of wrong to the execration of this and coming generations in all countries.

STEDMAN'S POETS OF AMERICA.*

It has long been maintained, almost as a Law of Nature, that a woman cannot be a good judge of beauty, nor a poet a thorough critic. We would not venture to dispute, in a pessimistic age, the great fundamental principles of cynicism which underlie this assumed law, but we are forced to admit that since the appearance of Matthew Arnold, James Russell Lowell, and Edmund Clarence Stedman, the latter part of the rule has been so superabundantly disproved by its exceptions as to be fairly overthrown. It will not be possible for any sensitive reader of the *Poets of America* to forget that Mr. Stedman is also a poet ; but it will be equally impossible for such a reader to regret it. The solid qualities of the book are the result of patient, conscientious, scholarly work, which shows on almost every page ; its finer qualities, the delicate touch of sympathy, the glow of hope, the spiritual magnetism, are the fruit of the poetic temperament which no amount of industry can ever cultivate unless it first has the seed. It is a good fortune, and somewhat of a marvel, that Mr. Stedman has been able to keep this temperament alive in the strange climate of Wall Street, and to do so much careful and enduring literary work in a decade which has been filled with commercial anxieties and struggles. For there can be no doubt whatever that this first broad and thorough review of the conditions, growth, and prospects of American poetry, has a great and permanent value.

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* Poets of America. Edmund Clarence Stedman. *Boston and New York*, 1885. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The intimate connection between the *Poets of America* and the *Victorian Poets* has been emphasized by the author in his prefaces. But we may question the justice of his comparative estimate of the two books. It would be high praise to say that this new volume is as good as the *Victorian Poets;* to say that it is better seems rather to overstep the bounds. In the matter of English style there has not been any advance upon the preceding volume; one almost feels inclined to say that there has been a little falling off in the qualities of clearness, directness, and precision, and that the abundance of metaphor has here and there overgrown and obscured the thought. And in the difficult task of discriminating personal and poetic values, Mr. Stedman lacks in the latter what he possessed in the former part of his work—a sufficient distance to give a sense of perspective. It is not altogether a good thing to live next door to the object of your professional inquiries and critical observations. It must some day come to pass that you will have to choose between frankness and comfort. Mr. Stedman is unquestionably an honest critic, never willing to sacrifice truth; but he is also a most gentle critic, remembering that it is his duty to love his neighbor as himself. It was said of Lady Holland that her natural kindness was so great that her servants sometimes fared better than her guests.

The weakest part of the book is the chapter on Mr. Walter Whitman,—and it is weak in spite of the fact that the author has evidently bestowed upon it his greatest care, and put into it some of his most vigorous and brilliant writing. He is defending a shaky cause, and he does it wonderfully well, but the greatest wonder is that he should do it at all. We remember in one of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies* the description of a damsel whom he saw in the city of Dresden. She was more delicate and beautiful than if she had been made in the Royal Pottery; a vision of delight; etherial, remote, and altogether angelical. He watched and waited for the sight of her face, followed her with respect, dreamed of her as a poet might dream, until one fatal day when he saw her sit down in the *Thiergarten* to a mighty lunch of uncooked ham and the cheese of Limburg. It is hardly less surprising to see Mr. Stedman proving his catholicity of taste by avowing himself one of Mr. Walt Whitman's "warmest admirers." Nor is our surprise altogether removed, although it is restrained from the qualms to which it might otherwise subject us, by the skilful and almost dainty manner in which Mr. Stedman disavows any liking for the peculiarly and indescribably rank passages in Mr. Whitman's productions. It goes without saying that a gentleman will be repelled by these; but the wonder which remains is that he should be able to partake with pleasure of any part of a dish which is pervaded with an odor so unmistakable.

Mr. Stedman explains his position by saying that he is one of those "radical enthusiasts who are interested in whatever hopes to bring in the golden year." But this, you see, is precisely the point at issue. Is it a golden year which Mr. Whitman hopes to bring in? Is it not rather a year of brass? His first principle is that He, Himself, is the Great American

Poet; and his second principle is that therefore he is entitled to disregard all established forms of verse and of morals, and utter whatever is within him in a free "barbaric yawp." We cannot avoid the suspicion that the emphatic avowal of these great principles, like the assertion of the perpetual glory and fitness of the red flannel shirt, is a part of the advertising system of an "adroit man of the world,"—or, to speak with more bluntness than Mr. Stedman uses, a most clever humbug. But even if we admit that they are sincere and genuine, we cannot avoid the conclusion that if Mr. Whitman is right then almost all the rest of the world is wrong. If his gospel of an unclothed lubricity is true, our Christian civilization, with its reserves and restraints, is an absurd mummery. If his theory of verse is sound, Bryant and Whittier, and his own gentle critic, Stedman, must be doomed to oblivion as trifling, prudish rhyme-tinkers. For you will observe that this Mr. Whitman is a terrible radical. With him it is all or nothing. "The singer himself,"—as Mr. Stedman has said,—"is the one Messianic personage, the answerer and sustainer, the universal solvent. It is his kiss, his consolation that you must receive,—whoever you are, these are given especially to you." Yes, that is just the point; and here it is that we must mildly but firmly decline. For when it comes to kissing, you know, that is a matter of taste, as the legendary old gentleman said in regard to his cow.

The error which lies at the root of this chapter on Whitman (and which is implicitly condemned in other parts of the book), is the now familiar fallacy of the "native American school of poetry." English critics have taken it for granted that the only way for our poets to be original is to begin at the naked beginning, to smack of the soil, to sing as they imagine the children of the vast prairies of New York and the untamed forests of Philadelphia ought to sing. And, therefore, they have hailed every barbaric yawper who has discarded broadcloth and gone about in long boots as the true American. But, in point of fact, the native races of this continent have now retired for the most part to their reservations, without evincing any decided genius for poetry, and the present people of the country are the inheritors of all the culture of England. Bryant, and Longfellow, and Poe, and Whittier, and Lowell are the true Americans; and we neither expect nor desire them to go back to woad and make war-songs, like the first British poets. They have the advantage of beginning on a somewhat higher level.

And certainly no one has ever studied their work with a more delicate appreciation of its best qualities, or written about them with more illuminating power, than Mr. Stedman. He seems to penetrate, by the "open sesame" of a kindred spirit, into the "kings' treasuries and queens' gardens" of our poetry; and, having brought us thither, he wisely chooses to speak little of the mysteries of the craft, and much "of the mystery of life." For after all, the purely technical criticism of poetry is of little value. It does not profit the general public to learn the formal precepts of an art which all editors and other wise persons pray they may never be encouraged to practise. Nor does it greatly help the poets, for everybody knows that they

cannot be made by rule. Something about rhyme and measure and cadence may doubtless be said with interest and benefit, and whenever Mr. Stedman attempts this he does it well, with the intelligence of a scholar as well as the skill of a craftsman. His discussion of the English hexameter, though brief, is full of most excellent judgment. But the great merit of the book is that it brings us near to the heart and mind of our best singers, and helps us to listen with the spirit and with the understanding to their songs We have read again and again,—on the fair pages of the large paper edition, which are like dainty china unto good fare,—the sympathetic and reverent chapter on Whittier, the graceful praise of Longfellow, the wonderfully serene and equitable study of Poe, the generous estimate of Lowell which the coming years will surely confirm as no less just: and though there are touches here and there which betray a tired hand, though one could wish that less had been said of some and more of others, and especially that the strength of Longfellow had been more fully recognized, after all we must feel that this is one of the most delightful and profitable books of the decade. It gives one a new pleasure in "Evangeline" and "Snow-Bound," "Under the Willows" and "Poems of the Orient,"—and at least one reader must confess that when the chapter on Bayard Taylor was finished, he did not go on through the twilight of "The Outlook" with its string of shadowy names and somewhat misty predictions, but turned to that corner of the library where the Poets of America were gathered, to renew his intercourse with old friends with new affection and delight. It is the mark of a good and gentle critic to make gentler and wiser readers.

FIFTY YEARS OF GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.*

THE method of this work is statistical, and statistical history must be confessed to be dry reading and even, at times, dangerous reading. But our author makes no misuse of his method. His sobriety in this respect is as Teutonic as his industry. He has attempted a hazardous but much-needed work, and has accomplished it successfully. He imports nothing into his statistics. Neither does he try to extract from them what they have not to yield. Moreover, his view of his vast subject is so open and temperate that we may look through his eyes at German university history without misgiving, fairly expecting to see clearly at all times, and sometimes even profoundly.

The last fifty years comprise the richest period of German university history, a period whose real beginnings date back to the revival of Prussia after the Napoleonic wars. If we start from 1820 and measure off the time

* *The German Universities for the Last Fifty Years.* By Doctor J. Conrad, Professor of Political Science at Halle. Authorized Translation by John Hutchison, M.A., and a Preface by James Bryce, M.P., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. Glasgow: David Bryce & Son, 1885.

from then until now, three divisions naturally occur. The first runs from 1820 to 1830, and is marked by a large increase in student attendance, caused proximately by the increase of wealth and culture, and more deeply by the revival of national spirit. Energies lately given to war were now turned to the development of the national life within. The Civil Service was extended, and naturally helped the universities because of its connections with them. No doubt something was also due to the re-awakening of religious feeling and to the extraordinary influence of Schleiermacher and Hegel. The period as a whole, however, was mainly preparatory, a preliminary rally before the general advance. The second period extends from 1830 to 1870, or to the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and may be described as one nearly stationary in student attendance, but most vigorous in internal development. An efficient instrument in this development was the elevation and unifying of entrance requirements, which took shape in 1834, in the now famous Regulation on Examinations. "The main point of the regulation," says Conrad (p. 22), "was that henceforth the matriculation examination should be held only at the gymnasia; by this means, also, an approximately uniform test was applied to all intending university students. . . . The regulation of 1834 exercised a marked influence on the universities. The measure was a thoroughly effective one." The cause of this regulation was the notorious laxity of universities in their entrance examinations, which attracted crowds of immature students. It was "effective" in stopping this by keeping youth at the gymnasia until their gymnasial course was completed. It remains "effective" to-day as the great barrier against the entrance of poorly qualified students. It is the chief historic example of the superior value of a secondary education completed at school and estimated there, as a better guarantee of fitness for university entrance than any examinations held by universities themselves.

Another feature of this second period is the rise into prominence of the philosophical faculty. Every other faculty (save the medical, where a modest increase occurred) had decreased not only proportionally but in absolute attendance by 1870, but the faculty of philosophy had doubled its numbers, and nearly doubled its proportional importance also. The causes of this touch upon questions of deep interest, and especially so when we examine the fitful but marked decline in the faculty of Protestant theology and the unbroken decline in that of Catholic theology. The reasons for the unique advance in the philosophical faculty are to be sought primarily in the wide extension of the interest in physical science. Dr. Conrad proves this in a very conclusive way. He separates the students in the philosophical faculty into two classes. The first contains the students in philosophy, philology and history. The second contains those in mathematics and science. If we follow the history down to our times the increase on each side will be as follows: The whole faculty, reckoning from 1835 to 1884, increased from 3,051 to 9,433 students — a gain of 319 per cent. The students in philosophy, philology and history increased from 1,797 to 4,769

—a gain of only 265 per cent. The students of mathematics and science increased from 290 to 3,000—a gain of over 1,000 per cent. The first side fell short of the average rate of increase, but the scientific side increased almost four times as fast.

But this increase is fully explained only when certain other factors are considered. A number of subsidiary causes, very lightly related to interest in pure science, have contributed. One of these is the demand for trained teachers of elementary and applied science in *Realschulen* and technical schools. This points to the influence of the industrial spirit. A significant part of the increase comes from what is merely a transfer from the theological faculty of students who have previously been theological only in their enrollment, and this for the sake of obtaining teaching positions. Even as early as 1820 "there is no doubt that of the large number of students entered in the theological faculty, a very considerable proportion never after entered upon any ecclesiastical office at all; those, moreover, who entered the university only with the intention of becoming teachers, entered themselves in the theological faculty" (p. 80). Teachers are now trained in the philosophical faculty, as theology is no longer essential. The marked increase in Jewish students is noteworthy here, as they have naturally flocked to the faculty where freedom of research has been greatest. Nor should we lose sight of the fact that, despite all this increase, the students of science are even yet less numerous than those in the other section, the proportion being about 5 to 8. Science promises to gain in importance for a while longer, but it is improbable that the past rate of increase will continue. It is more likely to attain its limit very soon, and then to settle down to a rate not greatly different from that of the other studies.

The third period, partly anticipated above, extends from 1870 to the present time. It may be named the period of extraordinary increase. From its beginning until now—some fifteen years only—the student body has enlarged enormously and in every faculty—even a trifle in Catholic theology. The philosophical faculty enrolls about 9,000, medicine about 7,000, law over 5000, Protestant theology nearly 4,000 (a heavy recent gain), and Catholic theology a scant thousand. The total enrollment is 26,231 as against 13,600 in 1870—practically double. Undoubtedly the return of thousands of youth after the war of 1870 was one occasion of this, while the national spirit exerted a stimulating influence just as it had done in 1820. But the real causes are to be sought in the wise policy followed in the second period. Gymnasia had been planted everywhere, classical training had found its way to lower strata of society, sufficient uniformity of education had prevailed to give character to a whole generation, and, as a result, the nation was prepared for just such an unprecedented university accession at whatever time the national prosperity might induce it.

But the crowding to universities appears to have gone as far and farther than is desirable. Educated men are a drug in the German market. They are far more numerous than the places to which they are eligible. They

have "wants which cannot be satisfied and capacities for which no sphere of activity can be found. The inevitable result of this must be discontent with existing conditions and with one's earthly lot" (p. 243). Social discontent and then pessimism spring as truly from over-supply in education as industrial discontent from over-supply in grain or iron. Fortunately the increase seems to be abating already. Doctor Conrad handles this part of his theme with great acumen, and his suggestions in the way of remedy by means of a deeper moral education which will "give scope for a conception of life which regards life's functions as consisting in the fulfilment of duty, in work, in submission to what is sent by a Higher Power," are surely weighty.

WALDSTEIN'S ESSAYS ON THE ART OF PHEIDIAS.*

In early examples of Greek vase paintings, where figured scenes are represented, inscriptions are often added identifying the different figures as Zeus, Aphrodite, or some other divine or human character. And in our own times, when the written language is far more generally understood than the language of art, it has become natural for the student to turn to the ancient authors rather than to the monuments themselves as the primary source of information. Archæology, according to this view, is a valuable adjunct to the study of ancient literature and history, and serves merely the purpose of illustration and verification. Thus Overbeck, in the preface to his important *Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik*, says: "We should not consider the monuments the only nor even the principal source of our knowledge of the history of art, but rather the writings of the ancients as constituting the primary and the monuments as an additional source of information." In opposition to this, the work of Doctor Waldstein is a very excellent example of the fruitfulness of the method which makes a direct study of the monuments the primary aim, and the ancient authors of secondary importance. In his view, "Though the archæologist is bound to make use of his literary evidence, his chief task for the future must be to study the actual form and nature of the existing monuments, adopting the methods of observation which the natural sciences have long since applied. . . . An inaccurate passage from any miserable scholiast of the twelfth century who happened to write Greek, has more convincing power over the word-enslaved minds of many modern scholars than the life-long, careful, comparative study of form in the things themselves." It is the chief glory of modern science that it has furthered discovery and opened to us much of the universe which otherwise would have remained sealed. In the domain of archæology no subject has received more attention than Greek and Roman sculpture, and no marbles have been more carefully studied than those of the Parthenon, yet it has remained for Doctor Waldstein to make important addi-

* *Essays on the Art of Pheidias*, by Charles Waldstein, M.A. New York: The Century Co., 1885.

tions to our knowledge in this well-beaten track. Without attempting to do full justice to his book, we shall limit ourselves to the discoveries related in Essays III, IV, V, VI, and VII.

The first of these essays relates to the discovery in the Louvre of a Lapith head belonging to one of the finest of the Parthenon Metopes in the British Museum. One who is not versed in the logic of science will be apt to look upon such discoveries as the product of genius or inspiration, but Doctor Waldstein is very careful to set before us a full analysis of the process by which he reached his final conclusion. The Metopes of the Parthenon have in common special characteristics recognizable from a study of their material, size, subject, technique, and other qualities. When in the Louvre Museum, he sees a marble head which exhibits some of these characteristics, and infers that the head would probably complete one of the headless figures in the Parthenon Metopes. Having found that it satisfied the requirements as far as he could test them, a cast of the head was procured, and his hypothesis verified when the Lapith was found to which the head "fitted perfectly, each fractured projection of the one fitting into the depression of the other."

The next essay describes the fragment of a seated and draped female figure in the museum of the Ducal Palace at Venice. By a similar argument this fragment is determined to be Greek, of the style of Pheidias, and as probably supplying one of the vacant spaces of the Western Pediment. It is assigned to one of three positions with a preference to the vacant place adjoining the figure of the river-god Kephissos. We may add that the general drift of the lines of this fragment show that it could not be assigned to either of the other two positions without violating what has been shown to be a law of composition in both pediments. Thus the fragment, if properly belonging to this pediment, may be assigned a definite place. The Essay on the Eastern Pediment is the most interesting of all, and we commend it to our readers for a fine conception of the artistic power of Pheidias. Doctor Waldstein brings here no new marbles to supply vacant places. The work of discovery now consists in interpreting the figures which exist, and in restoring to the imagination figures which are lost. There have been almost as many different interpretations of this pediment as there have been writers on the subject, and it is not our aim to adjudicate between them. It is enough to say that in the work of interpretation which is distinctively his own, that of viewing the figures to the right of the pediment as Thalassa and Gaia, Doctor Waldstein has pursued a method of discovery which deserves recognition. He makes the treatment of the drapery the important element in determining the character of the figure. In the restless, surging, fluent quality of the drapery he sees an indication of Thalassa, the personification of the sea, leaning on the lap of the firmer figure Gaia, the personification of the land. In these figures and in general in the sculptures of the Parthenon, Pheidias has dispensed with the use of the customary symbols or attributes to distinguish for us one figure

from another. Unless we are to believe that the figures are meaningless we must believe that he has distinguished them for us in some other way. The surroundings, the pose, the drapery, such are the means he employs instead of the primitive inscription or the symbolic attribute. We can only wish that Doctor Waldstein, who is such a careful observer of the details of drapery, had somewhat more explicitly defined the extent to which Pheidias made use of drapery as a means of expression and how far it can aid us in deciphering the other figures. In restoring the central group of divinities writers on this subject look to the Homeric hymn as having furnished an inspiration to Pheidias. But if we must dispense with the representation of the goddess as seen "impetuously to rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove," on the ground that it would be inappropriate to pedimental sculpture, other less important details indicated in the hymn must also vanish. What reason have we to believe, for instance, that the goddess was represented as "shaking a javelin keen?" Apart from the fact that these sculptures belong to a period when the warlike spirit disappears from the art of Pheidias, its relation to the other pediment calls for a different conception of the goddess. On the Western Pediment, first seen by one reaching the Acropolis, is represented the supremacy of Athene in the contest with Poseidon. On the other side we should expect a fuller definition of the patron goddess, her divine origin and her divine character. A spiritual as well as a cosmic fact may have been indicated in the advent of a Divine intelligence before whom Night departs and Day advances. Nor can we see in the rapid motion of Iris or in the torso of Hephaistos any indication that "fearfully heaven was shaken" or that "earth dreadfully resounded." The restful character of the sculptures which remain on this pediment would appear to call for more tranquil action in the central group. Some echo of the scene seems surely to be given in the Madrid Puteal, of which Mrs. Mitchell gives an illustration in her excellent *History of Ancient Sculpture*.

The next two essays exhibit an inference of a similar but more difficult character. Given three terra-cotta plaques very accurately representing, though on a much smaller scale, parts of the Parthenon frieze, and preserving the head of Athene, which in the original is seriously damaged, the problem is to ascertain when and where and by whom the plaques were made. Of all the ways in which the plaques could have come to exhibit such marked Pheidiac characteristics, Doctor Waldstein could admit of only three as "conceivable." (1) They might be modern forgeries, or (2) ancient copies ordered by some noble Roman to decorate his private villa, or (3) contemporaneous with the frieze, possibly original sketches by Pheidias himself. The correspondences in style seem too exact to admit of either of the first two solutions, and he is driven to accept the third. His eagerness to verify this important conclusion directed him to Rome, and researches there led to an unexpected discovery which in the end is likely to overthrow his conclusion and render more probable a solution of which he had not at first conceived. This was the discovery of a series of casts of which the terra-

cotta plaques might be reproductions. The origin of these Roman casts must now be explained. Further research brought out the fact that after Choiseul-Gouffier had taken casts of the Parthenon sculptures in 1787, *reductions* from these casts were made by the Collard process. This suggestion of a mechanical reduction as an intervening link between the terra-cotta plaques and the originals had not occurred to Doctor Waldstein. Even after its suggestion, though quite prepared to admit it in the case of the Roman casts, he leaves the origin of the terra-cotta plaques an open question, with a preference in favor of their genuine antiquity. But if we should with Doctor Waldstein make these admissions, a still greater difficulty is before us. Supposing that we possess in these plaques original sketches from the hand of Pheidias himself, how are we to account for the exactness with which they are reproduced in the Parthenon frieze? Was Pheidias acquainted with a Collard process by which his sketches could be mechanically enlarged? And, if so, how did he keep it secret? Is it not simpler to suppose that the semblance of antiquity which these plaques possess is only a semblance, and that they are the product of some mechanical process? Reproductions and even forgeries have frequently survived their originals, and these terra-cotta plaques, even if they be not from the hand of Pheidias, at least restore to us most truly the lost features of his Athene. Since the publication of Doctor Waldstein's book other heads from the same Eastern portion of the Parthenon frieze have been recovered.

FISHER'S OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.*

"THE circumstantiality of history as now written," said Kant, "suggests the load which late posterity will have to carry, and a philosophical head deeply versed in history may point out for them what nations or governments may have performed in a cosmo-political view." He would have his historian, moreover, hold a just mean between the presuppositions which make experience possible and experience itself. There have been few more successful attempts to accomplish this ambitious purpose than the one before us. The fact of any attempt at all would itself be worthy of remark as indicative of a change in American methods of historical study. But the appearance of a book on the whole so satisfactory, and by an author so well known and brilliant as the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College, is an event of the first importance. Not only does Doctor Fisher's latest work add to the high reputation as a historian he has won in other fields, but it reveals him in the new light of an experienced polyhistor. To the proper material of history, and that the history of the world, is added a mass of erudition and information in the cognate branches of knowledge, which amazes the reader by its accuracy no less than by its extent. The work,

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* *Outlines of Universal History*, by Professor George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 1886.

moreover, has been done with that nice sense of proportion and relation which is essential to all scientific history, and without which it is valueless. Nothing but the skill of an expert could have secured such a satisfactory adjustment of the parts to the whole. The cycles of the Orient have been reduced to their ultimate values, and fairly ranged with the shorter periods of the West. Important epochs have been so treated as to give them just weight in the balance. The author's stand-point is clearly visible throughout. As would be expected, Professor Fisher is profoundly impressed with the unity of history. He emphasizes that fact in the preface, and the idea undoubtedly runs throughout the book. There is no sectarianism, no far-fetched commentary, and no straining for effect of any kind. But it is nevertheless clear that the narrative justifies the course of Providence, and in so doing, it plainly sets forth whatever is likely to present in the clearest light the splendid array of facts, of secondary trains of cause and effect, and of living and expanding truth which mark the path of individual, national, or universal progress. This position is, on the other hand, carefully guarded by the rejection of all physical analogies and the assertion of free agency on the part of man. The path of progress is often indirect and sometimes blocked, but the encyclopedic view of history exhibits "an inscrutable blending of human freedom with a preordained design." Careful attention is given throughout to the contributions made to the study of history by social science, geography, ethnology, and philology. There are numerous and well-executed maps, inserted with judgment. The lists of books given in the proper places have been chosen with knowledge and skill.

The magnitude of such a task is evident to every one, and great allowance must be made to the courageous mind which attempts it. Pioneer work can never be without some blemish, and there are some faults in this book which will not be unnoticed. The transition periods—which are far the most difficult of comprehension even to the "more advanced pupils," for whom the author has provided a text-book—have been treated with timidity and a lack of historical divination. We have space for but one example—the beginnings of Greek (we cannot say "Grecian" with the author) history. There is no adequate explanation of the amount of knowledge which the Orient contributed to Greece, nor any satisfactory account of the channels through which it reached the West. The legends are treated with no sense of their real importance, and the Greek notion of history as a science of origins is too largely overlooked. To contrast the people of the Orient with those of Greece as thoroughly and sharply as is done on pp. 71 and 80, with no adequate connecting clew, is to heighten a necessary perplexity and leave the student most uncertain about the "unity of history." Similar strictures could also be made with regard to the fall of the city system of government in Greece and Rome, and the rise of mediæval institutions. It is unfortunate that the record of external facts is almost sure to be incomplete for the most important epochs, and, when complete, inadequate to explain the tendencies of historic movement. Fortunately the study of in-

stitutions, mythology and art, often furnishes the connection which, though slight, is often, as in these cases, sufficient to bridge the chasm. In a work so comprehensive more space might have been found for such needful helps, which are mentioned, indeed, but not sufficiently elucidated.

Of course it is a matter of opinion as to how far details may safely be introduced into a general view of history. Small matters must be mentioned when they bring about great changes; but when they simply serve to heighten an effect or describe a general fact, like the grandeur of an empire or the meanness of a king, it would seem better to substitute in general history a strong statement for the enumeration. This is clearly seen in parts of this book. Effective and impressive style, which is not unknown to the author's pen, is occasionally abandoned for short, unimpressive sentences, each of which contains a fact. Finally, there are errors of typography and a very few of statement, which may be inseparable from such a mass of text, but which we trust another edition will see eliminated. The book is thoroughly good, in nothing more so than in its intention, which cannot commend it too highly to teachers and students of history. It seems invidious to point out minor faults where the general conception and execution are so excellent. We have in such a treatise a powerful aid in the introduction of new and better methods for the study of history. The attempted use of mere narrative, as an intellectual discipline, must disappear before the better and more scientific aspect of the science which this book will open out to all who conscientiously use it.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF AGASSIZ.*

Now that we are so much accustomed to minute post-mortem examinations of great men's lives, in which every detail, whether of querulous ill health, of domestic unhappiness, or of positive scandal, is exposed for vulgar gossip, it is refreshing to turn to a biography written in such excellent taste as is Mrs. Agassiz's life of her husband. Here we find what the world may reasonably expect to know without any violation of sacred privacy. In fact, this book rather goes to the opposite extreme, and tells us less of Agassiz's home life and friendships than we may without impertinence wish to learn. We must regret in particular that the plan of the book allows so meagre an account of the brilliant circle of his Cambridge friends, of which Darwin once said to Longfellow: "What a set of men you have in Cambridge! Both our universities put together cannot furnish the like." The devoted friendship of such men as these would have immortalized him had he not already immortalized himself. However, enough is given to exhibit much of his wonderfully sweet and attractive nature, and the development of his character, but there is little of eulogy or description. The

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* *Louis Agassiz: his Life and Correspondence.* 2 vols. By Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886.

story tells itself through the medium of his letters and those of his friends; and although these are chiefly filled with discussions of scientific matters, they are remarkable for the warm personal attachment which is shown throughout.

What most strikes a reader of these volumes is the unity and strength of purpose which characterized the whole of Agassiz's life. From first to last all his energies were devoted to his one ideal, the advancement of his beloved science. The key-note of his life he gives in one short sentence: "Beyond that all must go again to science—there lies my true mission." For this he toiled unremittingly, and sacrificed everything, undertaking with the slenderest means such great enterprises as constantly threatened to overwhelm him, parting with collections, drawings, everything that could be turned into money, in order to pay his printers and draughtsmen. For example, while he was deeply engaged with his duties as a professor at Neuchatel, and was writing his monumental work on the fossil fishes, his fresh-water fishes, and his researches on fossil echinoderms and molluscs, and daily supervising the preparation of the many plates required for these great monographs, he founded a lithographic establishment which he kept abundantly supplied with work; and not content with this, kept two artists working for him in England (whom Humboldt calls his ambassadors *in partibus*). This would seem to be sufficient for any man, but, in addition to it all, he found time for those famous glacier researches which made a new epoch in geology, as well as for those monuments of immense, painstaking and thankless labor, the *Nomenclator Zoologicus* and the *Bibliographia*. One constantly marvels how he could accomplish so much.

It is needless to dwell here upon Agassiz's scientific fame—all the world knows that well; but perhaps his greatest claim to the gratitude of Americans lies in his services to American science as such. Before his time American science had been sadly dependent and provincial, and Sydney Smith's much bequoted sneer at American books was doubly true of science. In a letter written to Milne Edwards, shortly after his arrival in the United States, Agassiz says: "Thus nothing holds them back, unless, perhaps, a consideration for the opinion in which they may be held in Europe. This deference toward England (unhappily to them Europe means almost exclusively England) is a curious fact in the life of the American people. . . . Notwithstanding this kind of dependence upon England, in which American *savans* have voluntarily placed themselves, I have formed a high opinion of their acquirements since I have learned to know them better, and I think we should render a real service to them and to science by freeing them from this tutelage. . . . Since these men are so worthy to soar on their own wings, why not help them to take flight?" The arrival among us of two men of such established and commanding reputations as Agassiz and Guyot had was a most important step toward freeing us from this tutelage. They put America in line with Europe as a centre of scientific production and cut our leading-strings. It was, indeed, a most fortunate fact that Agassiz was a man of that winning personality which, for want of a better name, we call mag-

netism. To this every one that knew him, from his Cambridge colleagues to the rough guides and fishermen, bear abundant testimony. By the force of his enthusiasm and personal charm he laid the whole country under contribution to him, so that assistance private and public flowed in to him from all sides, and enabled him to carry out works of such magnitude as usually are only within the scope of governments. The story of the growth of his museum from the bath-house by the river to its present magnificent proportions reads like a tale of magic. Had Agassiz been a mere self-contained scholar instead of the genial, winning man he was, he never could have brought about this great revolution. Europe could not have sent us another man so well fitted for the work.

It has been made a reproach to Agassiz that he did not accept the theory of evolution for which his own work had supplied such a mass of evidence; but this is unjust. He was repelled by the materialistic aspects of the theory, and could not suddenly reverse the stand-point which he had held all his life. It is absurd to charge him (as Haeckel has done in his violent and indecent attack) with insincerity. His earnestness and sincerity are alike indisputable, and nowhere more clearly shown than in this book. But in spite of all endeavors he could not stay the tide, and at his death he stood practically alone, almost the last great naturalist who held out against the new order of things. His splendid contributions to science are his lasting monument, and America in particular will long honor his memory as one of the foremost of her intellectual liberators.

MOVEMENTS IN MODERN MATHEMATICS.

MATHEMATICS was never cultivated more actively and successfully than at present. The century is full of great achievements in the science; not the elaboration of old themes merely, the enlarged application of old methods, but the creation and assimilation of concepts and methods in the most absolute sense new.

Among the departments of the science especially prominent just at present because of the fundamental and far-reaching character of the questions with which they cope and the amount of active interest centring in them, the first place probably belongs to the theory of functions. It is the creation of Legendre, Abel, Jacobi, Gauss, Cauchy, Riemann. Its history begins with Legendre's investigations of elliptic integrals. Every attempt to solve these integrals, to express their values in terms of algebraic and ordinary transcendental functions, had failed. Legendre penetrated to the source of the difficulty, saw that the circle of functions was not large enough, added three new transcendental functions—elliptic integrals of especially simple characters—and the problem was solved; in terms of the old and new functions every elliptic integral can be expressed. This procedure of Legendre was of profound significance for the future development of mathematics. It suggested infinite possibilities of extension. There is no

limit to the variety of higher integrals, and therefore none to the functions which they may define. The properties of these higher functions are the principal study of the theory of functions.

Abel and Jacobi, by their famous researches into the properties of elliptic functions, discovered to mathematicians the unequalled fruitfulness of the new domain. The key to the mysteries which had baffled Legendre—that the fundamental functions are not the elliptic integrals themselves but the functions which the limits of integration are of the integrals; the double periodicity of the elliptic functions; their addition theorem; the *theta* functions, among the quotients of which all elliptic functions are included; the place of the elliptic functions in the great class of Abelian functions; the higher periodicity of higher classes of the latter—are the magnificent results of their investigations.

It was the great service of Gauss that he recognized the essentially complex character of the number of common arithmetic, that it is not necessarily nor generally real, but a complex of a real and an imaginary (of the form $a + b\sqrt{-1}$, where a and b may have any real values, including zero); and of Cauchy and Riemann that they wrought out the consequences for the theory of functions, Cauchy in his *Mémoire sur les intégrales définies prises entre des limites imaginaires*, and Riemann in his memorable inaugural dissertation: *Grundlagen für eine allgemeine Theorie der Functionen einer veränderlichen complexen Grösse.* The theme of these memoirs is the general function concept; they ground general theories of functions. The Riemann theory has been greatly extended within the past thirty years, in part by Riemann himself, in part by other mathematicians, especially Weierstrass, to whom this department of mathematics owes more than to any other living mathematician. Of great import, also, for the general theory has been the *Theorie der Abelschen Functionen* of Clebsch and Gordan. Its introduction of geometric methods and a geometric basis for the theory gave the impulse to a new, a geometric movement, which has been almost as productive as the arithmetical movement initiated by Riemann's memoir.

The progress of the general theory has rather stimulated than checked investigation of particular functions. The functions thus distinguished are for the most part algebraic functions or their integrals—no others being comparable with these in value and interest. Through the labors of Rosenhain, Göpel, Weierstrass and others, good progress has already been made toward a relatively complete theory of the simplest class of hyperelliptic functions.

Important advances have been made in the department of differential equations, due in part to a forward impulse from the theory of functions. Special mention may be made of the researches of Fuchs in linear differential equations, and of Lie and Mayer in partial differential equations.

In the department of algebraic equations perhaps the most remarkable event of the century is the solution of the general equation of the fifth degree; not its solution in the sense in which earlier mathematicians were attempting it—in terms of roots of algebraic functions of the coefficients—

that Abel showed to be impossible, but by the aid of elliptic functions. Hermite and Kronecker share the honor of the discovery. The solution of the general equation of the sixth degree has not yet been accomplished, though it has been proved to be possible by the aid of hyperelliptic functions. Gordan has solved an important class of equations of the seventh degree. The mighty instrument already productive of these great results is the theory of substitutions of Galois and Jordan.

Algebra has been enriched by Cayley's theory of quantics and their invariants. The theory of invariants, indeed, has brought valuable contributions to almost every branch of pure mathematics.

Rather aside from the main lines along which mathematics is developing, yet of interest for the light they have thrown on the nature of number and the fundamental operations of algebra, are the new algebras of Hamilton and Grassmann, quaternions and the *Ausdehnungslehre*. More is to be hoped from them in mechanics than in geometry. Weierstrass has recently shown that no results can be obtained by these methods which are not also demonstrable by the algebra of ordinary number.

Geometry attests the present activity in mathematics not less emphatically than does the pure analysis. The essentially modern movement dates from the appearance of Poncelet's *Traité des propriétés projectives des figures*, in which the full power of *projection* as an instrument of geometric investigation makes itself for the first time felt. Projective geometry is already a highly developed science. It has to do with the projective properties of figures, *e.g.*, such as are reproduced in the shadow of a figure on any plane ; the non-projective properties are metrical and for the most part of less importance.

In the old geometry the elements of space are points ; in the new they may be either points, or planes, or right lines. The elements of a circle, for instance, are as properly the lines of which it is the envelope as the points of which it is the carrier. Modern geometers recognize a number of geometric *forms*, each of which has a geometry of its own ; the *row* of points on a right line, for instance, is a one dimensional form, the *sheaf* of lines through a point, a two dimensional form. To every positional relation among the elements of lowest dimension in a form there corresponds a dual or reciprocal relation among its elements of highest dimension. For instance, three points in space generally determine a plane, three planes a point, their point of intersection. This simple principle, the so-called law of *duality*, has wrought marvels. Suggested by Brianchon's hexagram, it was enunciated by Gergonne and most effectively used by Poncelet.

With the notion of projection came a consistent and fruitful theory of the *elements at an infinite distance*. It is that parallel lines intersect, in a single point, of course, the infinite element of each. It follows that the points at an infinite distance in a plane lie in a right line, the line at infinity, and that all points at an infinite distance lie in a plane, the plane at infinity.

Pure methods are almost as much used as algebraic, and are, within a large sphere, decidedly the more direct and serviceable. They are for the most part based on the one notion of the *anharmonic* or *cross ratio.* It was by giving the anharmonic ratio of four points a positional definition that Von Staudt secured a basis for his geometry of position—a geometry free from the notion of quantity, of measurement.

Homogeneous coördinates are perhaps the most valuable single contribution of the century to analytic methods in geometry; through them geometry established a connection with the theory of invariants which has been fruitful in great results. Rich finds are always in store for the mathematician who is master in both these domains.

Geometric research has confined itself quite closely to algebraic curves and surfaces. The discoveries made are innumerable. One of the first was Plücker's equations connecting the singularities of plane curves; the most recent—and it promises great things—is Sylvester's method of reciprocants. Little is yet known of the geometry of curves or surfaces of a degree higher than the fourth. Indeed, no classification of surfaces of even the fourth degree has been accomplished; it is one of the pending problems in geometry. The beautiful classification of surfaces of the third degree by Schläfli and Klein is based on the grouping of the twenty-seven right lines of the surface. Some of the ablest geometric work now doing is in the study of questions suggested by the theory of functions. It will suffice to mention the theory of point groups on algebraic curves, and the recent study of Kummer's surface in connection with hyperelliptic functions.

Of the new geometric notions none have attracted the same popular attention as those of higher-dimensional and curved spaces. They have influenced the bent of investigation but little. The interesting and pressing problems which the old Euclidian space is all the time suggesting drive hyperspace quite out of the thoughts of the vast majority of geometers. It is interesting to note that the more recent investigators of non-Euclidian space have chosen Grassmann's *Ausdehnungslehre* for their working method.

NEW BOOKS.

*My Religion,** by Count Leo Tolstoi, is a remarkable book by a remarkable man. The author, whose historical romance, *Peace and War*, won him a high place in Russian literature, was brought up in the faith of the Greek Church. He received a university education, and at the age of twenty-three entered the army as an artillery officer. Later he served on the staff of Prince Gortschakof. He soon outgrew his religious convictions, and gave himself up to the luxurious barbarism of Russian aristocratic life. "For thirty-five years of my life," he says, "I was, in the proper acceptance of the

* *My Religion.* By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the French by Huntingdon Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place.

word, a Nihilist—not a revolutionary socialist, but a man who believed in nothing. Five years ago faith came to me ; I believed in the doctrine of Jesus, and my life underwent a sudden transformation." He interprets the teaching of Jesus literally, and gives the following summary of his conclusions: "Jesus said that we were not to be angry and not to consider ourselves as better than others. Again, he said that men were to avoid libertinism, and to that end choose one woman to whom we should remain faithful. Once more he said that we were not to bind ourselves by promises or oaths to the service of those who may constrain us to commit acts of folly and wickedness. Then he said that we were not to return evil for evil lest the evil rebound upon ourselves with redoubled force. And, finally, he says that we are not to consider men as foreigners (enemies) because they dwell in another country and speak a language different from our own. And the conclusion is that if we avoid doing all these things we shall be happy." When he had reached this point he discovered that the ideal of fraternal love presented in the teachings of Jesus was utterly antagonistic to the spirit of the social, political, and ecclesiastical organism of which he was a part. This was a painful discovery, but he was resolved to be true to the new light; and renouncing his connection with Church and State, retired to his estates in the country, where he identified himself with the simple and natural life of the tillers of the soil. In his book the author describes in beautiful and simple language the successive steps by which he arrived at what he conceives to be the true meaning of Christ's teaching. He then applies the new truth to the social conditions which surround him with a logical directness and audacity that is absolutely astounding. The author's conception of Christianity is obviously defective. The entire supernatural side of religion is to him a blank. It is Jesus as a social and moral reformer whom he worships. And his view of the social teachings of Jesus is certainly extreme. We do not believe that Jesus meant to prohibit all resistence of evil, or that he forbade oaths and promises so far as they are necessary to maintain social order. But the book is not be judged by ordinary standards. To understand its import we must take into account the conditions under which it was written. Russian society is composed of two social extremes—the aristocracy, who are in possession of all the power and wealth, and the peasantry, between whom there is no common bond of sympathy or interest. The Government is a paternal despotism, with a rigorous criminal code, which is remorselessly enforced. Its ideal is military aggrandizement. To this Moloch both Church and State bow down, and to realize it the common people are driven like sheep to the slaughter. Friends of humanity like Tolstoi can see no remedy for existing evils but to destroy the whole system root and branch. But the author differs from the revolutionary socialist in his condemnation of violence as a means of social renovation. The change is to be brought about by the gradual and peaceful triumph of the law of fraternal love. And in order that this law may prevail each man who comes to believe in it must make it the rule of his life.

From this stand-point the import of Count Tolstoi's book is apparent. It is a protest against organized violence in society and government. Against such a system as the Russian it is simply destructive, but it contemplates the rise of a new social order in which the law of brotherhood shall be supreme. The book, it is said, has made a sensation in Europe, and well it may, for it strikes at some of the fundamental ideas of European polity. But has it not also a significance for us? We do not worship the military ideal, it is true, but are we not losing sight of the law of fraternal love in our industrial relations? When a man in his haste to be rich takes the bread out of his brother's mouth, is he not violating the teachings of Jesus? If we wish to avoid industrial war and the risk of social anarchy, we must put more emphasis on the social side of our religion—we must be more literal in our construction of that law of brotherly love which Jesus enjoined in the Sermon on the Mount.

Ten years ago, Professor Lotze, though the most influential philosopher in Germany, was scarcely known by name to the world outside. This is now, happily, no longer true. His principal works have been made accessible through excellent translations to English and American readers. The ripest products of Lotze's thinking are contained in the *Dictate*, a series of eight small volumes, embracing the dictated portions of his lectures on a variety of philosophical subjects, and published shortly after the author's death. Professor Ladd, of Yale College, is now engaged in translating these important works. The *Outlines of Psychology* * is conceded to be the most complete of the series. Lotze was specially gifted as a psychologist, and his work in mental philosophy will, perhaps, be his most enduring monument. The *Outlines* will have special value to American workers in the same field, not only for its careful and thorough analysis of mental phenomena, but also for its frank insistence on the necessity of assuming a spiritual soul in man as a condition of the intelligibility of psychical facts. American scholars owe a debt of gratitude to Professor Ladd for his excellent and timely translation.

Professor Veitch gives in his *Institutes of Logic* † an interesting exposition of the science from the stand-point of Sir William Hamilton. He adopts his master's definition of logic as the science of the laws of thought, as thought, and defends his conceptualism against the criticisms of Mill. Logical judgment is the assertion of a relation of congruence between two notions or terms. Inference has two forms—syllogism and induction. The author elucidates Hamilton's peculiar views regarding comprehensive and extensive reasoning, unfigured syllogism, and the quantification of the

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* *Outlines of Psychology.* Dictated portions of the Lectures of Hermann Lotze. Translated and edited by George T. Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale College. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1886.

† *Institutes of Logic.* By John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London: Published by William Blackwood & Sons, 1885.

predicate. The discussion closes with a chapter on "Fallacies." Professor Veitch's book lays little claim to originality, but it is, on the whole, the best presentation of the logical views of the Hamiltonian school that has yet appeared. It is interspersed with historical notes and criticisms which are generally good, the least satisfactory being those that apply to the Germans.

President Bascom closes a long list of publications with a book on *Problems in Philosophy.** "This volume," he says in his preface, "may seem to be constructed on the idea of gathering up the fragments that nothing may be lost." If so, a pretty clean sweep has been made. The topics discussed are "Methods in Philosophy," "Relativity of Knowledge," "Spontaneity and Causation," "Freedom of the Will Empirically Considered," "Consciousness and Space," "Ideas—Primitive, Secondary, and General," "The Fundamental Relations of Logic," "Universality of Law," "Being," "Final Causes," "History of Philosophy," and "A Philosophy of History." The author belongs to the intuitional school of thinkers, and defends a spiritual philosophy against materialism. He stoutly maintains the freedom of the will and the reality of final causes. The discussions are interesting, but it is doubtful whether the last word has been said.

The author of *Mechanics and Faith*† treats of the bearings of modern science on religious faith. The fundamental verities in the world, he insists, are force, truth, beauty, and love. Mechanics deals with the phenomena of force, and hence brings the mind into direct contact with Almighty God, who is the immanent cause in nature. Nature and the Bible reveal the same being, God, and the same beneficent activity. Their reports are in substantial harmony. Mechanical science is the principal source of true conceptions of the divine character. It reveals a beneficent activity pervading the world. The supreme verity is love. Beauty is a mode of expressing the love of God, and it consists in fitness for practical beneficent use. Mechanics reveals the existence of an immanent purpose in creation, whose law is the simple and radical one—universal love as the animating spring of human as it is of divine conduct. The author is not wholly free from narrow views and defective logic. He falls into a dogmatic tone in denouncing theological dogmatism. He subordinates beauty to utility, and in his zeal to suppress natural theology gives a first-rate chapter in natural theology. The merits of the book are, however, positive and great. It disposes of the mistaken idea that science naturally tends to irreligion, and it presents very ably the religious conception of the world as it reveals itself through mechanical phenomena.

The strong religious drift of the times is exemplified in Mr. John Fiske's

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* *Problems in Philosophy.* By John Bascom, author of *Science of Mind*, etc. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1885.

† *Mechanics and Faith.* By Charles Talbot Porter. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1886.

two little books entitled *The Destiny of Man** and *The Idea of God.*† Mr. Fiske, as is well known, is the leading American exponent of the evolution philosophy of Herbert Spencer. There is no logical connection between nescience and evolution. These elements found their way into Mr. Spencer's philosophy quite independently of each other. It was inevitable, however, that the new doctrine should at first assume an unfriendly attitude toward traditional beliefs; but it is reassuring to see honest evolutionists like John Fiske breaking away from the negative traditions of the school, and coming on to more solid ground. The aim of Mr. Fiske in his latest works is to reassert truths with which the theory of evolution seemed at first to be irreconcilable. The main propositions of *The Destiny of Man* are (1) that the supreme law in natural development is that of teleology; (2) that man is the end and final outcome of the whole evolution process. Upon these premises Mr. Fiske constructs a plea for the immortality of the soul. In his last book he unfolds and defends a doctrine of theism, claiming it to be the logical outcome of the evolution philosophy—a marked advance beyond his old position. Mr. Fiske's latest books are signs of the positive religious tendency of the age. They are additional proof of the fact that the spirit of man cannot long rest in a creed of negations.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

The History of the English Constitution. By Dr. Rudolph Gneist. Translated by Philip A. Ashworth. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Carmina Sanctorum. Edited by Roswell Dwight Hitchcock, Zachary Eddy, and Lewis Ward Mudge. A. S. Barnes & Co.: New York and Chicago.

What Does History Teach? By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ. By Emil Schürer, D.D., M.A., Professor of Theology at the University of Giessen. Division II., vols i. and ii., pp. 379 and 326. Translated from the German by Sophia Taylor and Rev. Peter Christie. New York: Scribner & Welford.

The People's Bible. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By Joseph Parker, D.D., Minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London. Vol. i., Genesis; vol. ii., Exodus, pp. xvi., 368 and 322. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Evolution versus Involution. A Popular Exposition of the Doctrine of True Evolution, a refutation of the theories of Herbert Spencer, and a vindication of Theism. By Arze Z. Rred. New York: Zabriskie. Pp. x., 275.

Document XX. of the U. S. Evangelical Alliance, concerning so-called "Freedom of Worship" bills and other assaults upon civil and religious liberty. Bible House, New York. Pp. 78.

Modern Preachers of England. Part I., January, 1886. New York: James Pott & Co. Pp. 164.

Homiletic Review, November, 1885. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Modern Language Notes. No. 1., January, 1886. A. Marshall Elliott, managing editor. Pp. 14.

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* *The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin.* By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Seventh edition, 1885.

† *The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge.* By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886.